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MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

CHAPTER I.

We arrive at Berlin.—Our kind reception there again by the King of Prussia.—Authentic anecdotes of the Great Frederic.—Explanation of his conduct to Baron de Trenck.—The Philosophers and Illuminati.—Free-masonry.—Rosenfeld.—M. Bardt.—M. Eberhard.—M. Edelmann.—Thaumaterges.—Character of Frederic.

WE dispatched a courier forward, after whose arrival at Berlin the King sent eight fine horses to draw us through the sandy plains of Prussia. The frost and snow in Bohemia had much damaged the springs and wheels of our carriage; but we arrived without any serious injury or

accident, from a journey which was the most terrific I ever underwent; for if any thing had ever happened to the Margrave, I, and I alone, should have been accused of doing him harm.

When we arrived at Berlin, the Carnival being ended, all the Royal Family were gone to their different villas; but His Majesty returned to meet the Margrave at his palace; while I was left to the discretion of the Princess Royal, afterwards Duchess of York, who had her own establishment in the Royal Palace.

We remained here only four days, during which time I saw but little of the Margrave, for he was constantly with the King. He informed His Majesty that there had existed a mysterious correspondence among some of the nobility of Bareith, and others at Anspach, the object of which he supposed was to form more distrusts between Austria and Prussia.

Frederic William II. had succeeded to the throne on the death of his uncle, Frederic the Great, in 1786. He made many salutary regu-

lations for his subjects, and established a Court of Honour to prevent the horrible practice of duelling in his dominions.

As I was willing to gain all the information possible respecting so great a character as Frederic the late King, it may easily be imagined that I lost no opportunity which could be afforded me during my residence among the Royal Family, and which, together with the Margrave's knowledge of this illustrious man, and that of Prince Hardenberg, afforded me much satisfaction.

After my marriage with the Margrave, we brought over from Anspach a full-length portrait of the late King, for which he himself sat, for the Margrave, to whom he also presented another of his father, Frederic William. The countenance and whole figure are a striking resemblance of His Majesty. The expression is surprisingly fine. I had it placed under a canopy at Brandenburgh House, and those who have seen it can never forget it.

When Frederic ascended the throne he was only twenty-eight years of age. It is well known to all Europe, how this great Prince profited by the army left to him by his father, and the riches which he had accumulated. He had been detested by the late King when he was Prince Royal, because he appeared to apply himself to the sciences and fine arts rather than to military affairs. Having followed his father to Wesel, he conceived the project of passing into a foreign country. He had probably other motives than those of gaining instruction by travels; no doubt it was to escape the tyranny of his father: but the latter had gained information of his design, and arrested him at the moment of its execution. He was tried by Commissaries, who had the firmness not to condemn him to lose his head. It might appear to be a light crime for the presumptive heir of a kingdom to quit the realms without the permission of his Sovereign; but such was the law. Of four-and-twenty judges, only one was

found who voted for the sentence of death, and that was a person named Derschau; yet such was the magnanimity of Frederic when he came to the throne, that this man never experienced from him the slightest vengeance.

Frederic, his father, was on the point of renewing on the theatre of Europe the scene of Don Carlos, or more recently that of Czarowitz. The Prince was pardoned; but the unfortunate companion of his flight, his friend and confidant, was decapitated.

Frederic has been accused by his enemies, as having neither shed a tear, nor used an argument to induce his father to save this victim from destruction. But I have been assured, from those who were present at the scene, that when the unfortunate man was led to the scaffold, the Prince Royal demanded his pardon with the effusions of a heart broken by grief; and that he fainted more than once during the punishment, and in fact experienced the greatest anguish. Before the execution he had tried every means

in his power to save him. In his despair, he had offered to his father to renounce the throne for ever, in order to preserve the life of his friend whom he loved: but the inflexible Monarch, not satisfied with the sentence of the judges, who had condemned him to the galleys for life, with his own hand signed his death-warrant, alleging that there was no justification for the crime of high treason, and treating his son's intreaties with indignation and contempt. Katt was the grandson of a field-marshal, and son of a general of that name, at that time both alive and in the service of the King.

Frederic the Great was born with sensibility, but he learned to suppress his emotions and his feelings; he saw how necessary it was to be just, as well as merciful, during his long military career; and perhaps the firmness which has been his reproach, was the greatest triumph of his nature.

After this event he retired to Rheinsberg, applying himself to all kinds of acquirements;

and here he learned to play on the flute, on which instrument he excelled, not as a prince, but as an amateur of the first rank.

His allowance was extremely moderate, and his father had rigorously forbidden any one to advance him money. This order was, however, ill observed, and it has been objected against him that when King he never repaid the obligations of his creditors. But the fact was otherwise; he paid them in secret. The Minister of his father's finances had refused to advance him money, and when the Prince ascended the throne this man was supposed to be ruined, and on his coming to give in his accounts demanded permission to retire; when the young King, to the astonishment of all around him, praised his fidelity, begged him to continue his services, and doubled his salary.

What a different fidelity from that of the judges of poor Katt, who considered blind obedience to the commands of their Sovereign as a proof of fit submission to his authority!

It is a singular circumstance in the history of the House of Brandenburgh, that during the space of 370 years, in which time the sovereignty was in their hands, there was never experienced one minority.

Frederic enjoyed an immoderate reputation, and to a certain point even the adoration of his contemporaries, not only as a warrior, but as a governor of his empire, and as a profound politician. His assiduity was indefatigable, and his skill in affairs of government transcendent. The Government of Prussia appeared to rise from the seeds of despotism, and formed a lesson of instruction to the world. Notwithstanding his exactness and his inflexibility in war, he obtained the affections of his soldiers, who always denominated him their Father Fritz. It was the name by which he was familiarly called throughout the army.

The severity of his conduct towards Baron de Trenck has excited the indignation of mankind, and has been considered as a blot in his escut-

cheon; but arbitrary orders and rigorous detention have been exercised in other countries as well as in Prussia. Without pleading this as an excuse, I shall endeavour, with impartiality, to remark on the leading points of the justification of Frederic's conduct, derived from those who were acquainted with the cause of such a punishment.

M. de Trenck had been forbidden by the King, whom he acknowledged not only as his Sovereign, but as his benefactor, to write to his uncle, who was a chief of the Pandours.

His injunctions were violated. The King demanded of him personally, whether he was in correspondence with his uncle. M. de Trenck denied it. "Do you give me your word of honour of it?" said the King. "Yes, Sire," was the answer. It was at the very time that Trenck had just written to his uncle, that this dialogue passed. The discovery was made, and M. de Trenck was sent to the fortress of Magdeburg: it was a punishment usual in the Prussian service. M. de Trenck plotted his escape, and fled with an

officer whom he had seduced to desert: he killed those who pursued him. The King's Resident at Dantzic, whither Trenck had fled, sent him back to his Sovereign. Trenck had certainly violated every law;—he had at first been disobedient, then perjured,—a rebel, and a murderer.

At Magdeburg, Baron de Trenck recommenced his devices: his imprisonment was in consequence rendered more severe, and his confinement lasted for ten years.

Trenck was six feet two inches high, and squinted: he was popular, and always followed by thousands. After the death of Frederic he published his Memoirs. At that period, all who were acquainted with the groundwork of his history were dead: on his own testimony depends the whole of his relation. Those whom he cites in his narrative have probably forgotten the circumstances of so distant a date: but without recurring to vague conjectures regarding the truth of this affair, or of the cruelty exercised against him, M. de Trenck avows that he had

intrigued with a person of illustrious rank. If that person, as has been generally supposed, and which from good authority I know to be the case, was the Princess Amelia, sister of the King; if from this connexion there were children who were deprived of life by means the most horrible, —what strong inducements might not the King have had for visiting on Trenck a punishment of the severest kind, without being under the necessity of explaining (from motives of decorum and decency) the reasons which influenced him to such an act.

Frederic frequently broke his officers for causes light in appearance; but he always had heavier charges against them, which were unknown to the rest of mankind, and which he concealed for the purpose of preserving military discipline.

As soon as Frederic ascended the throne, he invited into his kingdom all those who were called *les esprits forts:* Voltaire, le Marquis d'Argens, the Abbé de Prade, Maupertuis, and

even the impious La Metrie. This example encouraged the literary Germans to proclaim their sentiments: Berlin became the asylum of the persecuted, and the nursery of truth.

The history of the secret societies of Germany was at that time little known. It might be interesting to a philosopher, but the generality of people might regard it as a romance: all well-informed persons can attest the reality of it.

Towards the end of the last century an association, or secret society, existed, which was daily gaining ground. It was the Order of the *Illuminés*. The chiefs of this Order had resolved to form an association which was to unveil the mysteries of superstition, to enlighten mankind, and to render them happy. Their object was to gain a superiority over the lodges of Freemasonry, and to turn these institutions from darkness to the benefit of humanity. They proposed to extend the sphere of knowledge universally, not so much in depth as on the surface; to introduce reason and good sense; to ameliorate the con-

dition of men by an insensible operation. No Prince, however great or good, was to be admitted. They swore to preserve, as much as was in their power, Sovereigns from the perpetration of crimes, and from the commission of errors; to abolish the slavery of despotism, to destroy ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to favour the liberty of the press, and to unveil mysteries of every description.

The project was great, noble, and sublime; but prudence was wanting in its execution. They expected to see a sudden effect, whilst they forgot that the edifice was only building. The society enlarged, the wicked and designing were admitted; the powers of bigotry and superstition saw the force of their enemy, and the arm of Government was called to their assistance. Many of the chiefs were driven from Germany, others were imprisoned, and every thing but death and torture inflicted on them.

The dispersed members of this association soon formed another assembly; they were again

surprised, their papers taken, and their doctrines published, without regard to the effects which they might produce. Many sects arose from these, which rendered discord prevalent throughout Germany. Their different Orders had little resemblance to Freemasonry,—they were visionary, mystical, and cabalistic.

Frederic had too sound an understanding to be caught in the snares of enthusiasm. It is not known whether the attempt were made to conquer him, but it is most probable that he was never tried. Nor is it certain when the æra or how the nature of the misunderstanding between this Monarch and the superiors of the Order of Freemasonry began. Whether he was ignorant of the machinations of modern Masonry, of the visions and the horrors which were latterly raised, or of the general tendency of these mysterious associations; or whether having once adopted the Masonic costume, and having openly protected its Orders, he did not wish, even after having seen its evil tendencies,

to retract and to separate from a society into which he had erewhile not disdained to enter,—he refrained from excluding from his dominions these secret associations.

Masons of every denomination,—Rosicrucians, Centralists, Illuminati,—had all, under his reign, the liberty of establishing lodges and societies according to their fancy, provided they did not disturb the public order.

Thus Berlin became the receptacle of sects, of parties, of conjurations, of chemical mysteries, and of extravagancies of every kind.

In the mean time instruction was not neglected, and Frederic supported and protected every institution which might extend education throughout his kingdom. Rousseau had written his Emilius,—a work the most perfect of its kind, and which places the author incontestably in the rank of the first of benefactors to mankind: in Germany this production became as a torch which extended its light throughout; it opened to the system of education new views. Youth

was taught not by words alone, and those in an unknown language—but he gave them clear ideas of natural things, of moral and physical relations, of mechanism, of history, and of geography.

Frederic did not lose sight of the good effects of such a system of education; and, to promote it, established a Consistory, which was to superintend every institution, and at the head of which he placed himself. He procured masters, and did not blush to render homage to the superiority of the institution which he had promoted. The example of the Sovereign excited the nobility and gentry of the nation, and Frederic inspired in his subjects an admirable and laudable competition.

It was in one of those moments which in human life are so contradictory to the general sentiments of the mind, that Frederic, hearing the news of the proscription of the Jesuits in France, by the public functionaries, exclaimed, "*Pauvres gens! ils ont détruit les renards qui*

les défendaient des loups, et ils ne voient pas qu'ils vont être dévorés."

Frederic had sanctioned and approved the writings of the philosophers; he had become a philosopher himself. Helvetius had published his work *De l'Esprit* in France, and to avoid punishment had fled to England. *Le Contrat Social* of Rousseau had found protection among the magistracy; and the Parliaments had defended Diderot's declaiming against despotism. The Court and the Clergy had admired Voltaire's ridiculing the Parliaments. There has been exaggeration, when it has been said that the philosophers proposed by a regular plan to subvert the foundations of societies and thrones: they worked to that effect without being sensible of it. They did not wish to be the destroyers, but the preceptors, of monarchs: and had Montesquieu only produced his work *Sur les Romains,* and his *Esprit des Lois;* had Beccaria only written his *Traité des Délits et des Peines;* had Voltaire only refuted Machiavel,

and defended Calas, Scriven, and Lally; had Rousseau only pleaded the cause of nature, of morality, and of religion; and had the Encyclopædists respected the principles of religion alone;—they would have been entitled to the indulgence of the world. But the discussion of one subject led to another, and in the correction of abuses they proceeded beyond the bounds which they had prescribed. Then it was, that one of the greatest Kings who ever wore a crown figured in the correspondence of philosophy: then it was, that he pronounced in his Academy the eulogy of the man who wrote *L'Homme Machine*, and that he compelled his churches to celebrate obsequies of the man who had endeavoured to undermine the foundations of Christianity.

This influence spread throughout Europe: it penetrated into every class. Diderot, D'Alembert, and Condorcet, united their forces in the operation. Then the sects of Illuminati, who had associated for the destruction of revealed religion, overthrew its foundations, as far as

regarded themselves, and introduced a new code founded on natural morality, which led to the system of primitive equality.

Even Frederic himself proved that a king, though a man of letters, could not sustain with dignity the sceptre of literature. Some unfortunate members defiled the character of his Academy; but Euler and La Grange were an eternal honour to it. Some men of high estimation were associated with others of obscure and even ridiculous talents: their inequalities were great.

It was a prejudice generally spread throughout Germany, that the province of Prussia, and Berlin in particular, was peopled with Atheists. Because Frederic encouraged freedom of thought in his dominions; because he collected and united about his person men of genius; because, under his reign, some irreligious books escaped from the Prussian press,—this conclusion, as absurd as precipitate, was adopted. M. Nicolai, a distinguished writer and bookseller of

Berlin, (a union very rare, though it were to be desired that it were more general,) has depicted Berlin in a romance with great truth; and his work displays excellent notions on the manners of Germany. He has shewn, that if, in general, there are some Freethinkers in the Prussian provinces, the people at large are attached to the national religion.

Towards the end of the seven years' war, a man named Rosenfeld, in the service of the Margrave of Schwedt, quitted the service of that prince, and began to inform the populace that he was the new Messiah; that Jesus had been a false prophet; that the preachers were rogues and liars, who preached death; that for himself he preached life, since his adherents never died; that the King of Prussia was the Devil; that the time approached when he (Rosenfeld) should assemble together the twenty-four Elders, and should obtain the sword, and govern the world with their assistance.

Rosenfeld prevailed on some of his adherents

to deliver over to him seven girls, of whom the zealous fanatics were the fathers. It was, he said, to open the seven seals that he required seven virgins. With these he formed a seraglio: one of them was his favourite Sultana; he made the others work, and lived upon the profit of their labours. After having carried on the trade of a Messiah for twenty-nine years, under different mischances; first poor, then imprisoned, afterwards entertained by the presents of his votaries, and living habitually by means of the wool which his mistresses spun; after acquiring disciples in Berlin and its environs, in Saxony, and even at Mecklenburg,—one of his faithful followers, who had in vain expected to reap the fruit of his splendid promises—even one of those who had delivered over to him three of his daughters, accused him before Frederic; that is to say, denied his Messiah, whom he believed to be the true God, before the King, whom he believed to be the true Devil. This very accuser always regarded Ro-

senfeld as the real Messiah, and only wished that the King should compel him to realize his prodigious offers.

The King sent Rosenfeld to a natural tribunal, which condemned him to be whipped, and shut up for the remainder of his days at Spandau. The Supreme Tribunal commuted this sentence, and pronounced that this new Messiah should be sent to the House of Correction, where he should be flogged as often as he attempted to have an adventure of gallantry; and after two years, that a report should be made of his manner of conducting himself. The defenders of the accused appealed: the King revised the process, and confirmed the severer sentence of the first tribunal. He imagined, without doubt, that it was necessary that Rosenfeld should be punished in the sight of the people, to prevent them from being in future deceived through similar visions.

But the most absurd opinions are often the most tenacious, because they have no perceptible

basis by which they may be measured; and this spectacle did not undeceive any of the adherents of Rosenfeld, a great number of whom remained attached to him.

He went afterwards to preach his doctrines at Charlottenberg, hardly a mile from the capital; but he found that this theatre was too small for two fanatics like himself and Musenfeld. The Government, without doubt, tired with his persevering enthusiasm, overlooked his folly and left him in repose.

But where one man, and that man a fanatic, was punished, Frederic gave a thousand instances of his general toleration. Rosenfeld was made an example for his personal conduct; and even, with perhaps this exception alone, he tolerated personal dogmas. In a collection of more than three thousand Edicts, there is not one to be found where he does not permit entire liberty of conscience, perfect equality of religion for all sects, whether of Christianity or of any other religion. His toleration, in fact, knew no

bounds: although all the followers of Rosenfeld proclaimed aloud, or avowed before the tribunals, that they believed their Chief to be the true Messiah, and that Jesus was a false Christ, whose whole history was a fable; that they regarded the Protestant Clergy as a diabolical invention, &c.,—they were neither punished nor disturbed.

With Frederic, opinions did not operate either to the advancement or the injury of those who occupied places under his administration, provided those who held them did their duty. Frederic beheld with a favourable eye all the variations in the different systems of religion, and offered no impediment to the writers, the professors, nor even the preachers. Thus, generally speaking, he effected a great revolution in his States during his reign.

But although the King himself remained in a state of tranquillity, during the differences which existed, there were many who were enemies to toleration towards any system but their

own. They did not blush to procure the punishment of those individuals who professed different doctrines from themselves, or who deviated from what they imagined to be right.

M. Bardt, son of a Minister of the Gospel at Leipsic, among other heterodox works, published a translation of the books of the New Testament. This work gave offence to the theologians; his book was condemned, and himself obliged to fly. He took refuge in the States of Frederic, and at Halle gave public lectures. At this University Semler and Eberhard flourished, and here Bardt was considered as a martyr. Semler had long maintained opinions contrary to the doctrines of the New Testament, and had written to prove that the books which were considered as canonical were not authentic; and had endeavoured to shake the foundations of the Christian religion. It was under shelter of the wings of the Prussian Eagle that he escaped a similar fate to M. Bardt, for, from one extremity of Germany to the other, he had excited the fury

of the clergy; and had it not been for the protection of the powerful monarch, he would have fallen a victim.

M. Eberhard had published a work, entitled "The New Defence of Socrates;" wherein he undertakes to prove that virtuous Pagans are saved as well as Christians, and that the morality of Socrates and of Christ is the same. He had been obliged to remove to Halle for safety.

M. Edelmann was the first, at this period, whose opinions of the Sacred Writings were incredulous. He wrote in German, and was obliged, at the risk of his life, in the early part of Frederic's reign, to seek an asylum at Berlin. The theologians thundered out against him; but the King permitted him to lead a peaceable life, and to finish his days in repose in Prussia.

Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the conqueror of Creveldt and of Minden, was induced, by the persuasion of the Baron de Hund, who was a Reformer, to place himself at the head of the re-

formed Lodges of Freemasonry, which had taken the appellation of the *Strict Observance.* It was supposed to be an Order of Freemasonry which was a continuation of the Society of Knights Templars: the highest step was that of a Templar, with all the ceremonies of ancient chivalry. Doctors of divinity and professors of physic were received as *Chevaliers d'Epée.* It is hardly possible to conceive that reasonable beings could lend themselves to ideas so ridiculous: example, however, did every thing, and enthusiasm was contagious. In this branch of the Order there reigned a monastic despotism, and men were led away by rites and ceremonies. The members alone possessed the secret; those out of the Order could never tell where or what it was.

As no woman can possibly be a Mason, every woman has a right to endeavour to penetrate the mystery. It is admitted that Adam was the first Mason: he founded the first Lodge—he had all the instruments necessary for the purpose—

he produced the mortar;—without Eve there would have been no Lodge. Where is the mystery of Masonry, if the idea be followed up? Having created the Lodge, he made members for it: those members created others, and the Society extended over the globe; and while the globe exists, members will never be wanting. Over this secret I will throw the apron.

When the minds of men were sufficiently heated, the actor of this drama caused to appear upon the scene the Thaumaterges, or miracle-workers. These appeared to have ordinarily no relation with Freemasonry in general, but attached themselves to personages eminent for rank or fortune. One of the first of these *charlatans* was Schrœpfer, a coffeehouse-keeper of Leipsic, on whom Duke Charles of Courland had inflicted corporeal punishment; but who afterwards so fascinated this Prince, and a greater part of the principal personages of Dresden and of Leipsic, that he compelled them to act a principal part with him.

At that time were reproduced on the theatre of Europe the follies of Asia and of China,—the universal medicine—the art of making gold and diamonds—the beverage of immortality. The peculiar qualification of Schrœpfer was the invocation of manes; he commanded spirits, and caused the dead and the invisible powers to appear at his will. The *dénouement* of his drama is well known.—After having consumed immense sums which he obtained from his adherents, and alienated their senses, when he found that he could no longer sustain the imposture, he shot himself through the head with a pistol, in a wood near Leipsic.

To Schrœpfer succeeded Saint-Germain, who had been before announced by the Comte de Lambert. This Saint-Germain had lived a thousand years; he had discovered a tea, before which all maladies disappeared; he made, for his amusement, diamonds of immense magnitude! He attached himself to Prince Charles

of Hesse; but, like his predecessors, he forgot not to die.

In the mean time Gessner, a religious miracle-worker, appeared in the environs of Ratisbon. He did not belong to the Freemasons, nor did he attach himself to any of the principal members of the Order; but he was equally useful to it,—for all the prodigies of which he was heard to speak corroborated the general faith of miracles, which was one of the great springs of the machine.

In the heart of Switzerland lived a preacher of an ardent imagination—of a penetrating mind—of immeasurable ambition—of undaunted pride; an ignorant man, but gifted with the talent of speech—intoxicated with mysticism—eager after prodigies—and made up of credulity. He imagined that, with faith, miracles might at this time be effected. Servants, peasants, Catholic priests, Freemasons,—all combined in his mind as contributing to the gift of miracle-working, whenever he discovered

the slightest appearance of any thing extraordinary.

M. Lavater gained a great party, particularly among the women; these brought him the men—and he had soon thousands, and subsequently millions, of followers after his visionary ideas.

After these, succeeded Mesmer and Cagliostro, (whose tricks and extravagancies are well known,) without reckoning the crowds of madmen, of charlatans, of jugglers of every kind, who sprang up on all sides.

This concourse of knaves, far from appeasing the divisions of Freemasonry, augmented the fermentation. A new branch arose in the dominions of Frederic: it was called the Lodge of Zinzendorf, from the name of its founder. This Zinzendorf had been formerly a member of the Templars, from which Order he detached himself, and formed a great party, assuring them that he alone had the true rites and the true mysteries. Each of these branches decried the

other. This new agitation attracted the attention of men of sound understanding, (at least of the Order,) who immediately formed a new association under the name of Electic Masonry. They professed a general toleration of all sects of the Order; and this system, which was the only solid one, (if any system of the kind can be so,) gained in a short time many partisans. This was the cause of the fall of the Order of Templars, who soon saw their machine in ruins. Frequent Chapters were held, where the deputies of the provinces deliberated; and, with surprise, the first question they found they had put to the Grand Master was, What is the true end of the Order, and its real origin? Thus the Grand Master, and all his assistants, had laboured, for more than twenty years, with an incredible ardour, for an object of which they neither knew the true end nor the origin.—Thus puzzled and perplexed, the system of the Templars was abandoned, and an Order instituted of the Chivalry of Beneficence.

Every secret association has something of resemblance to a conspiracy, and it is incumbent on every Government to watch over it But some consideration must be paid to the characters of the members. If they will not bear the test of inspection, doubtless, measures should be taken to prevent their increase, with moderation and prudence. And when it is moreover remembered that Sweden lost its constitution from these associations, which are frequently composed of men profound in designs and indefatigable in perseverance, no means should be laid aside which may develope their plans.

The King of Prussia founded the principal means of his power on his military talents. He was the great chief of an army in peace as well as in war—he was a military legislator, and the affection of his army created his laurels. He was as great a minister as he was a warrior; he rose every morning at five o'clock, and proceeded to business for the space of two or three

hours,—not with his ministers, but with his secretaries. The distinction is immense: Ministers are men of authority, who direct a Sovereign of ordinary abilities, and influence a Prince of exalted talents. The secretaries of Frederic were merely scribes; and if any one of them had dared to venture his advice on what was dictated to him, the King would have thought him out of his senses. These writers received every day whatever was addressed to the King, and he immediately decided what was to be done, while the secretary noted down the decision. After dinner the secretary returned with the written answers, which Frederic signed. Every day was employed in the same manner. When time is thus employed, how much is it respected! The most insignificant of Frederic's subjects could write to him, and was sure of a reply. He never failed to answer any memorial, and it was always signed with his own hand. This method was more expeditious and more satisfactory

than the slow and ineffectual efforts of the oppressed, when they have to struggle through the various departments of official situations. The Prussian Ministers acted in their proper departments, and sent the result of their duties to the King without going to Potsdam,—where they never appeared but when they received a summons from him. The names of the Ministers of Frederic were hardly known in Europe.

Equally remarkable for boldness of thought, sagacity of mind, energy of powers, and firmness of character, it is impossible to say for what individual talent he was most admired. Brilliant in every physical and moral quality, —powerful as his will,—fine as his genius,— and active to a prodigy,—he perfected and completed all his advantages. Lively, ardent, and impetuous, he rendered himself moderate, calm, and reflecting. Such was his destiny, that events turned to his favour, frequently resulting from his good conduct, sometimes in spite of his faults; and, allowing for the frailties

attendant on human nature, even his faults carried the mark of grandeur, of originality, and of invincible courage.

This great Prince terminated his existence at twenty minutes past two in the morning of the 17th of August, 1786, in the seventy-second year of his age. He reigned forty-six years. His illness endured eighteen months, during which he suffered the most violent pain without a sigh. On the 15th of the month he slept, contrary to his usual custom, till eleven o'clock, when he proceeded to business in his Cabinet, which he performed with presence of mind and admirable precision. On the 16th, his heir sent to M. Selle, the physician, an order to repair instantly to Potsdam, because he imagined the King to be in a lethargy. When M. Selle arrived he dared not to present himself, as he perceived sensibility in his organs and animation in his countenance. He judged that he had not concluded the affairs of his Cabinet. His supposition was just—Frederic did not forget his duty till his last breath.

CHAPTER II.

Information which I obtained at Berlin respecting Voltaire.—His quarrel with the King.—Bust of him in my possession.—His singular habits.—His house at Ferney.—Anecdotes of him.—The English Oculist.—Superstition.—Remarks on that subject.—Michael Stifels.—Curious prediction respecting myself.

I CANNOT conclude these remarks, without mentioning a few circumstances which I learnt respecting Frederic's great friend and adversary, Voltaire.

It is evident, by anecdotes which I learnt at Berlin, that during his long residence there, and after enjoying the substantial emoluments which the Monarch bestowed upon him, he at length enraged the King, who desired him to leave his dominions. Having embroiled himself in a quarrel with M. Maupertuis, who

was then at the head of the Academy at Berlin, he added to his disgrace. He was ordered to give up his golden key, or to quit the kingdom in twenty-four hours. He went afterwards to Manheim, where he wrote his tragedy of Olympia: when he left the Court Palatine, he retired to his new purchase near Geneva. At Ferney, his place of residence, he found a large old French *chateau*, which he pulled down, and in its place erected a very fine house. His theatre was fitted up in one of his out-offices, and was capable of containing about two hundred persons. His favourite work was the *Pucelle d'Orléans*, which is the Hudibras of French poetry. His picture is often taken, looking on his Henriade; but I believe he had not that affection for this work which he had for many other of his performances. His affection to the Elector Palatine seemed beyond that towards any other monarch; he resided with him a year, under his roof at Manheim, and received every honour due to a Prince of

the Blood. The Elector had several busts of him executed by M. Verchetsel, a most eminent statuary; I had one of them at Brandenburgh House. He never would accept of any honours that were offered to him by any monarch; but he had no dislike to honours in others. When the Order of Jesuits was dissolved, Voltaire selected one to be his companion at table. Poor Père Robert often experienced his jokes: when he first invited him to come, it is said, he was ingenuous enough to add, "If you can dare to live with a man who professes himself to have no religion at all, or, if any thing, is a stricter disciple of Confucius than you can be of your humble Master—then come to me."

He seldom went to bed till daybreak, drinking coffee continually, and frequently playing at chess. He wore a dirty dressing-gown, and unpowdered tie-wig, with a cap over that, either of silk or of embroidered velvet.

After having passed some time in England, subsequently to his exile from France, on his

wishing to return home on some private affairs, he strongly solicited the French Ministry to obtain the favour for him: however strongly the French King might publicly approve and countenance such recall, the revengeful Ministers were not so easy to be reconciled, but strenuously opposed it. But Voltaire, ever an overmatch in genius and politics for these his enemies of State, wrote to some powerful friends in Germany, and suddenly got himself invested with a public character; I think it was either from the Electorate of Cologne, or the Prince Bishop of Liege. On obtaining this rank, he immediately set off for Versailles, where the Court then was, having previously got his credentials acknowledged, before he presented himself.

On his first appearance, it may well be imagined what surprise was occasioned; and of course his old enemies, from curiosity, not affection, surrounded him, and as usual began their congratulations, each equally endeavouring to exculpate himself from having had any share in

his banishment. After hearing all they had to offer, he said, "By having been thus exiled from my country so long, I am incapable of understanding your language now with precision; but if you will talk with my Secretary here, or any of my train, they will inform me, when I get home, what kind services you mean to me."

His pardon was soon after sealed, and, it is said, by the persuasion of those very Ministers, once his enemies, who were overawed by his being honoured with a public situation.

His house at Ferney was a receptacle for foreigners: and, as every visitor drained himself to entertain him, it is not to be wondered at, that by such a quick succession of the different inhabitants of the globe, he acquired such a universal knowledge of mankind. His *salle à manger* was very dirty, in general: his servants, when he was alone, often waited in their waistcoats; and, as he seldom gave new liveries, they who had recently quitted their former places retained their old ones, and thus had

the appearance of different gentlemen's servants who were staying at the house.

His drawing-room made ample amends for the careless disorder of the other apartments: few noblemen had a more elegant suite of chambers, either for state or convenience.

He was accustomed to write the best hints for his material works on scraps of paper: it was surprising that he could find them in their complicated state. While writing with a fire, he always sat with his back to it, probably to secure his eyes.

He would join the dance in the servants' hall on hearing the violin, sometimes in a suit of velvet and embroidery. Swift had as much of this eccentric vein in him as Voltaire, frequently descending to mere trifles, perhaps in order the better to rise afterwards in sentiment. Pope alluded to this, in all probability, when he so elegantly pays this compliment to Lord Bolingbroke:

> "Teach me like thee, in various Nature wise,
> "To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise."

There was a kind of monarchical spirit in this great man, which appeared in his minutest actions: at table he never came in with the rest of the company, but would delay about any trifle; and on entrance would sometimes recall all the dishes, and disturb every part of the table by placing or altering them;—this was very disagreeable.

He thought to show a turn for English improvements, from observations he made while residing there; but his attachment to the French still prevailed, and a flower-plat and a fountain were great embellishments for him.

According to the French custom, he had many French carriages, but not one fit for use. Mr. Shandy gives a complete description of those of Voltaire.

He had immense presents from the great, of wine and every other delicacy. He had an amazing quantity of land at Ferney, as land is there cheap; and he seemed to value himself upon this point.

It is well known that the church which he built there was erected to God. "DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE" was the motto: he had given an altar to it, and, to keep up appearances, sometimes would attend the service, particularly at a wedding.

His house was built by a Genevese architect named Billion; but in this he was only the brick-layer or stone-mason, for the model was very common in France. Voltaire was very fond of hawks; and, as the adjacent Alps, and the vast chain of mountains known by the name of Mount Jura, afford various species of these birds, his house was a menagerie of the kind: he would sometimes amuse himself with letting them fly at a pigeon or tame fowl about his grounds, and called them kings tearing their subjects in pieces.

He was, perhaps, the greatest genius the world ever produced: his mistakes were pardonable errors; I mean his anachronisms, for he did not attend to trifles. When he composed, he wrote so quickly and with such assi-

duity, that he has been known to finish a tragedy of five acts in as many days; and he could compose comedy faster than actors could represent it, if he had had secretaries equal to the task.

In one of his observations on Shakspeare's Hamlet, to show that our great poet was guilty of the fault of anachronism as well as himself, he has detected a terrible blunder in that great dramatic writer.—"And now," says he, "the first act ends with the king giving his royal orders (and which must never be disobeyed) to fire all the cannon round the ramparts, two hundred years before the use of gunpowder was known."

To an English gentleman taking leave of him he said, "Well, Sir, you are going to London; I will come and see you after you get home—but that must be after I am dead. There are twenty ghosts, at least, in Macbeth, —why should I not be one of them?"

He would sometimes call the whole of his establishment to go hunting,—*à la chasse! à la*

chasse! and when he had assembled every one of them, it was only to walk round his house, and brush down the spiders and their webs, which the servants had neglected, among the pillars of each portico of his building.

He would talk much sometimes of what the writers would say after his death; and often hinted that the conversation of M. de Voltaire on his death-bed, dressed up by some Jesuit, would be a most delicious morsel for the booksellers of Paris: "And," he added, "the rascal will pick up many a good meal off my bones, bare as I am."

He was very fond of oranges, dates, and particularly of pomegranates. In the South of France the orange is often grafted on the pomegranate, which gives it a very fine colour; and he would remark, holding it up, "This must have been the forbidden fruit."

A single-horse chaise he was accustomed to drive, with a roan horse given him by the Elector Palatine at Manheim. This animal

was foaled there under his own eye, from an Arabian mare. He would sometimes drive at an immense rate, and then all at once fall into a solemn slow pace, as if he were composing some great work.

At Ferney, Voltaire offered an asylum to Delille Desalles, persecuted for his *Philosophie de la Nature:* there he defended Marmontel, uneasy for his *Bélisaire;* Admiral Byng, put to an ignominious death; Count Morangiès, stripped by usurers: there he reinstated the memory of Calas, of Servin, of Montbailly, and of Martin; the wife of Montbailly he saved from the scaffold: he there raised his voice for the unfortunate Lally, for Labarre, and for thousands of the servants of the Canons of Saint-Jura: it was there that he endowed with 90,000 francs the niece of the great Corneille; with 100,000, the daughter of Madame Dupuis; and with 150,000, *Belle et Bonne,* in marrying her to the Marquis de Villette. His old friend Theviot, after having passed a year

with him at Ferney, found in the bottom of his trunk, on his return to Paris, a purse of fifty Louis which the great philosopher had secretly placed there.

One day that he had been to see Madame Dupuis, who had been lately brought to bed; after he had left her, she discovered in her buffet a superb vase of silver, and in that vase a receipt for 12,000 francs, which M. Dupuis was indebted to him.

A labourer at Ferney was in prison for 7500 francs: Voltaire instantly discharged the debt; and, as he was informed that this man had a large family as his only property, he added, "Nothing is lost when we give alms, and restore a father to his family and a citizen to the State."

Another labourer, who did not belong to Ferney, having lost a process in the Parliament of Besançon, which was his ruin, in his despair hastened to Voltaire; who, after examining his papers, went into his cabinet, and

brought back to him three bags of 1000 francs each.—" Here," said he to the wretched man, " this will repay the wrongs of justice," (for the cause was good:) " a new process would only be a new torment for you. Go to law no more; and if you are inclined to settle here, I will provide for you."

The Jesuits of Ornex were desirous of increasing their domains, by purchasing some lands, which would have ruined the people who cultivated them: Voltaire put down for them the sum required, and rescued them from the fangs of the Jesuits. This is the man who has been described as penurious, and insensible to the wants of others! The anniversary of St. Bartholomew was always a day of mourning for him.

An English Oculist being at Berlin during Voltaire's residence there, as he was a member and a professor of all the academies of Europe, wished to be admitted to the King, in order to be appointed Oculist to His Majesty. The King at that time, for some reasons, held the English

at arm's length, and was so little desirous of pleasing the country in general, that he would hardly be civil to any particular individual of it, though backed with a title or offices of State. The Duke of St. Albans and many English noblemen, with many great commoners, were then in Berlin, but never invited to Court. So slighted were they, that on the parade, the general resort of all foreigners when the guard mounted, the King would publicly say to General Keith and Lord Marshal, "What! are your countrymen not gone yet?" As a farther proof of his revengeful feeling, his ambassador at Paris, and the French ambassador at his Court, were both attainted Peers of this kingdom,—namely, Lords Marshal and Tyrconnel, as the only brother of the former was, at that time, Commander-in-chief of all the forces. At the time the English nobility were thus humiliated and excluded the Court, the Oculist was publicly admitted; and, to render it more satirical against us, with double honour, superior to

what a person of that rank deserved, however his usual vanity might desire or expect it.

The Doctor was also strongly suspected of being employed by our Ministry, as a private observer of the several actions of Princes; and his profession giving him these opportunities, he was perpetually fluctuating between one Court and another, and admitted to the presence in all.

The Oculist being introduced to the King, His Majesty, with his usual politeness, asked him what favours he could confer on him, being ready to distinguish him and all men of his eminence. The Doctor only desired the honour of being appointed Oculist to His Majesty; and which, to make short of, the King granted: adding, "As I do not love to suspend any one's happiness long, be at Court to-morrow early, and your patent shall be ready." The Chevalier, flushed with this promise, so unexpected, now appeared at Court as by Royal command; but, notwithstanding a double parade of lac-

queys and equipage, on his approach to the King, His Majesty said, " You desire to be my Oculist—there is your patent: you must take the usual oaths on these occasions; that done, come to me again."

On his reporting to the King that all necessary forms were gone through, His Majesty said, " You desired to be my Oculist—you are so: my eyes want no assistance; yet are you my Oculist:—but if you touch the eyes of one of my subjects, I will hang you up. I love my subjects equally with myself."

The Chevalier departed, or rather was ordered to depart, in six hours: he pleaded for more time to pack up his eyes and instruments, but was refused; and a guard being set over him, he was then escorted, like any delinquent, to the borders of Saxony,—that being the country most contiguous. The respect His Majesty seemed first to pay him, in preference to all the English, of which number the meanest was his superior, now appeared

a still stronger satire against England, and proved that he suspected the Chevalier's other profession, in conjunction with those of oculist, orator, and professor of every other science.

Voltaire wrote an epigram on this, the point of which was, that the King had driven from his dominions the only man who could have opened his eyes.

Voltaire tore the mask of superstition from the human mind,—that dreadful chain which fetters the understanding, and which is imposed on us by nurses in our infancy.

Fear, impressed by strange and unforeseen events, is the most potent cause of superstition. What then made the ancient Egyptians so superstitious? No other country is less liable to strange and unforeseen accidents,—no thunder, scarcely any rain, perfect regularity in the seasons, and in the rise and fall of the river. So little notion had the Egyptians of variable weather, as to be surprised that the rivers of Greece did not overflow like the Nile. The fertility

of the soil, and the inaction of the inhabitants, during the inundation of the river, enervated both mind and body, and rendered them timid and pusillanimous. Superstition was the offspring of this character, as it is of strange and unforeseen events in other countries.

A traveller, describing the Virgin Mary's house at Loretto, has the following reflection:— "When there are so many saints endued with such miraculous powers, so many reliques, and so many impregnated wells, each of them able to cure the most dangerous diseases, one would wonder that physicians could live there, or others die. But people die there as elsewhere; and even Churchmen, who preach upon the miracles wrought by reliques, grow sick and die like other men." It is one thing to believe, it is another thing to fancy that we believe. In the year 1666, a Jew named Sabatai Levi appeared at Smyrna, pretending to be the true Messiah, and was acknowledged to be such by many. The Grand Seignior for proof of his mission insisted

on a miracle; proposing that he should present himself as a mark to be shot at, and promising to believe that he was the Messiah if he remained uninjured. Sabatai, declining the proposal, turned Mahometan to save his life. But observe the blindness of superstition: though Sabatai was seen every day walking the streets of Constantinople in the Turkish habit, the Jews insisted that the true Sabatai was taken up to heaven, leaving only behind him his shadow; and probably they most piously fancied that they believed so.

A lottery in Florence, gainful to the government and ruinous to the people, gives great scope to superstition. The purchaser of tickets, in order to be successful, must fast six-and-thirty hours, must repeat a certain number of Ave-Marias and Pater-nosters; must not speak to a living creature, must not go to bed, must continue in prayer to the Virgin, and to Saints, till some propitious Saint appears and declares the numbers that are to be successful. The

ticket-holder, fatigued with fasting, praying, and expectation, falls asleep: occupied with the thoughts he had when awake, he dreams that a Saint appears and mentions the numbers that are successful. If he be disappointed, he is vexed at his want of memory: but trusts in the Saint as an infallible oracle; again buys tickets, again falls asleep, again sees a vision, and again is disappointed.

One Michael Stifels, a German clergyman, spent the chief part of his life in attempting to discover the day of Judgment. The famous Jurieu showed great ingenuity in explaining prophecies, of which the following is an instance: —In his book intitled "Accomplishment of the Prophecies," he demonstrates that the Beast in the Apocrypha which held the *Poculum aureum plenum abominationum*, is the Pope; and his reason is, that the initial letters of these four Latin words compose the word *Papa*;—a singular prophecy indeed, that is a prophecy in Latin, but in no other language.

What an extraordinary trait of superstition

was exemplified in Matthew Lovat, who, in 1805, crucified himself at Venice, and endeavoured by every means in his power to torture himself whilst in that dreadful situation!

Plutarch, in the Life of Cicero, reports that a spectre appeared to Cicero's nurse, and foretold that the child would become a great support to the Roman State; and most innocently makes the following reflection:—"This might have passed for an idle tale, had not Cicero demonstrated the truth of the prediction!" which in effect is saying, that if a prediction happen to prove true, it is a real prophecy; if otherwise, it is an idle tale.

Something of this kind occurred to me.—After I had been married to Lord Craven, and we were living together on terms of the greatest cordiality, I happened to meet with two young ladies who had determined to go to a celebrated woman, who was famous for predicting future events, or rather, for telling fortunes. Upon our being admitted, after saying a few words to my young friends, she addressed herself to me,

by saying, "I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, but, from the very particular marks in your countenance, I am certain you are born for great events; I must be allowed to draw your horoscope." I smiled and consented: but as she said that she could not complete it directly, I was induced to give her my age, and the day and hour of my birth, that she might write it down and send it to me in the course of a week. I returned home and thought little more about it. In about ten days I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to contain the Sibyl's prediction. She stated that I was to have a family of seven children; that I then was to separate from my husband, who would die before me; that I should go abroad, and that I should marry again with some Royal personage, and come into the possession of great riches. I had at that time no idea of a separation, nor could I form the thought of a connexion with any other person, much less with one whose rank was so exalted as that of a Margrave.

CHAPTER III.

Anecdote of Sir William Windham.—Prince of Wales.—Remarks.—Lord Lyttelton.—Lord Clarendon.—Duke of Buckingham.—Observations on the marvellous.—Anecdote of Lord Clarendon.—Mademoiselle Le Normand.

I REMEMBER a singular anecdote which was related to me by Mr. Windham, a man totally devoid of superstition, one day when we were conversing on this subject, which had arisen from a story told me by the Prince of Wales. At the end of the last century, Sir William Windham, being on his travels through Venice, observed accidentally, as he was passing through St. Mark's Place in his cabriolet, a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. On stopping, he found it was a mountebank

who had occasioned it, and who was pretending to tell fortunes; conveying his predictions to the people by means of a long narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required.

Sir William, among others, held up a piece of money; on which the *charlatan* immediately directed his tube to his cabriolet, and said to him, very distinctly, in Italian, "*Signor Inglese, cavete il bianco cavallo.*" This circumstance made a very forcible impression upon him, from the recollection that some few years before, when very young, having been out at a stag-hunt, in returning home from the sport, he found several of the servants at his father's gate, standing round a fortune-teller, who either was, or pretended to be, both deaf and dumb, and for a small remuneration wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a piece of chalk, answers to such questions as the servants put to him by the same method. As Sir William rode by, the man made signs to him that he

was willing to tell him his fortune as well as the rest: and in good humour he would have complied; but as he could not recollect any particular question to ask, the man took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back with these words written legibly—"Beware of a white horse." Sir William smiled at the absurdity, and totally forgot the circumstance, till the coincidence at Venice reminded him of it.

He immediately and naturally imagined that the English fortune-teller had made his way over to the Continent, where he had found his speech; and he was now curious to know the truth of the circumstance. Upon inquiry, however, he felt assured that the fellow had never been out of Italy, nor understood any other language than his own.

Sir William Windham had a great share in the transactions of Government during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, in which a design to restore the son of James II. to the

British throne, which his father had forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on the arrival of George I. many persons were punished by being put into prison, or sent into banishment. Among the former of these who had entered into this combination was Sir William Windham, who, in 1715, was committed as a prisoner to the Tower.

Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was then some alteration to be made, in consequence of the succession of the House of Brunswick; and, as Sir William's chariot was passing through, conveying him to his prison, the painter was at work adding the White Horse, which formed the arms of the Elector of Hanover.

It struck Sir William most forcibly: he immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the Lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him there during his confinement; and although probably

not inclined to superstition, he looked upon it as a prophecy which was fully accomplished. But in this he was much mistaken; for many years after, being out hunting, he had the misfortune to be thrown whilst leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

The Prince of Wales, who delighted in these kinds of stories, told me that one day at Brighton, riding in company with Sir John Lade, and unattended, (which they frequently did,) they had prolonged their ride across the Downs farther than they had intended. An unexpected shower of rain coming on, they made the best of their way to a neighbouring house, which proved to be that of a miller. His Royal Highness dismounting quickly, Sir John took hold of the horse's bridle, till some one should make his appearance: a boy came up and relieved Sir John of his charge. The rain soon abating, the Prince, on the point of remounting his horse, observed that the boy who held the

bridle had two thumbs upon his hand; and inquiring who he was, was informed by him that he was the miller's son. It brought immediately to his recollection the old prophecy of Mother Shipton, that when the Prince's bridle should be held by a miller's son with two thumbs on one hand, there would be great convulsions in the kingdom. The circumstance was laughable, and his Royal Highness was much amused at the singularity of it.

Who could be more superstitious than Dr. Johnson?—it might have arisen from a morbid sensation. The Lyttelton family were superstitious for three generations. Every one knows the circumstances of the death of the Lord Lyttelton, son of the historian of Henry II.—I know it to be a fact from the family, with whom I have been for years acquainted.

What shall we say of the great Earl of Clarendon, the famous historian,—a man long in public business, a consummate politician, and well stored with knowledge from books as well

as from experience? We might imagine his mind to be fortified against foolish miracles, if the mind of any man could be fortified; still his superstitious credulity overcame his reason: and in this he was no less weak than his contemporary Grotius. He gravely relates an incident regarding the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham. There were many stories scattered abroad, at that time, of prophecies and predictions of the Duke's untimely and violent death; one of which was upon a better foundation of credit than usual.

There was an officer of the King's household in Windsor Castle, belonging to the wardrobe, of reputation for honesty and discretion, and, at that time, about the age of fifty. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke, this man being in bed and in good health, there appeared to him at midnight a man of venerable aspect, who, drawing the curtains and fixing his eye upon him, said, "Do you know me, Sir?" The poor man, half dead with

fright, answered that he thought him to be Sir George Villiers, father to the Duke. Upon which he was ordered by the apparition to go to the Duke, and tell him, that if he did not in some way ingratiate himself with the people, he would be suffered to live but a short time. The same person appeared to him a second and a third time, reproaching him bitterly for not performing his promise. The officer, in excuse, said that the Duke was difficult of access, and that he should be thought a madman. The apparition imparted to him some secrets, which he said would be his credentials to the Duke. The officer, introduced to the Duke by Sir Ralph Freeman, was courteously received. — They walked together near an hour, and the Duke spoke with much emotion, though his servants, with Sir Ralph, were at such a distance that they could not hear a word. The officer, returning from the Duke, told Sir Ralph, that when he mentioned the particulars which were to gain him credit, the Duke's colour

changed, and he swore the officer could have come to that knowledge only by the Devil; for that these particulars were known to himself alone, and to one person more, of whose fidelity he was secure. The Duke, who was to accompany the King at hunting, was observed to ride all the morning in deep thought; and, before the day was over, left the field and alighted at his mother's house, with whom he was shut up for two or three hours. When the Duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger, which never appeared before when he had been conversing with her; and she was found overwhelmed with tears, and in great agony. Whatever there was in all this, it is a notorious truth, that when she heard of the Duke's murder, she seemed not in the least surprised, nor did she express much sorrow.

The name of Lord Clarendon calls for more attention to this incident than otherwise it would deserve. It is no article of the Christian

faith, that the dead preserve their connexion with the living, or are ever suffered to return to this world: we have no solid evidence for such a fact, nor ever hear of it, except in tales for amusing or terrifying children. The story is inconsistent with the course of Providence, which, for the best purposes, has drawn an impenetrable veil between us and futurity. This apparition also, though supposed to be endowed with a miraculous knowledge of future events, is deficient in the sagacity that belongs to a person of ordinary understanding. It appears twice to the officer without thinking of giving him proper credentials; nor does it at all think of them till suggested by the officer. Why did not the apparition go directly to the Duke himself; and where was the necessity of employing a third person?—unless the Duke was too wicked for such a communication directly. The Duke must have been more affected with an apparition to himself, than by hearing of it at second-hand. The officer was afraid of being

taken for a madman, and the Duke had some reason for thinking him such. The apparition happened above three months before the Duke's death, and yet we hear nothing of a single step taken by him in pursuance of the advice given him.

The authority of the historian, and the respect we owe him, entitle him to as much credit as the case can admit. But credit to the story is not at all necessary; for the evidence is such as not to verify even any common occurrence. His Lordship acknowledges that he had no evidence but common report, saying that it was one of the many stories scattered abroad at the time: he does not say that he had the story related to him by the officer, whose name he does not even mention; or by Sir Ralph Freeman, or by the Duke's mother, or by the Duke himself. If ever any thing happened like the story in question, it may with good reason be supposed that the officer was crazy, or enthusiastically mad; nor

is there any evidence, beyond common report, that he communicated any secrets to the Duke.

Had Lord Clarendon studied the fundamentals of religion and reason coolly and impartially, as he did other sciences, he could never have given faith to reports so ill vouched, and so contradictory to a sound understanding.

Grotius, the great champion of Christianity, relates that some orthodox Christians, whose tongues were cut out by the Arians, continued to speak miraculously as formerly; and, to vouch the fact, refers to some of those miraculous persons, who are said to have been alive at Constantinople at the time. In the dark ages of Christianity, when different sects were violently inflamed against each other, it is not surprising that gross absurdities were swallowed as real miracles; but it is surprising to find Grotius, the greatest genius of the age he lived in, adopting such absurdities. For the truth of this miracle he appeals not only to

Procopius, but to several other writers; as if the hearsay of a few writers were sufficient to make us believe impossibilities.

A singular circumstance took place in the early part of the life of the great Earl of Clarendon, of whom I have just now been speaking. When he began to grow eminent in the law, and had, on all occasions, expressed his dislike to the excess of power which was exercised by the Court, and sanctioned by the Judges, he had gone down into Wiltshire to visit his father, who, one day as they were walking together in the fields, observed to him that men of his profession were apt to stretch the prerogative too far, and injure the cause of liberty; but charged him, if ever he came to any eminence in his profession, never to sacrifice the laws and liberty of his country to his own interest, or the will of his Prince. After having strongly made these observations, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a few hours. The advice had so powerful

an influence upon him, that he ever after observed and pursued it.

The celebrated Mademoiselle Le Normand, who was so frequently consulted by the Empress Josephine, and whom Napoleon himself did not totally disregard, was tried for witchcraft even a few years since; and it is surprising that the advocate who prosecuted her could seriously charge her with being familiar with spirits, and actually declare that she was able to raise demons and the dead.

Josephine honoured her with her friendship, and bestowed upon her many marks of benevolence. After the return of Napoleon from the Congress at Erfurt, the Empress repeated to him, in the warmth of conversation, what Le Normand had announced to her some time before. The Queen of Holland was present at the time. "Ah!" said Napoleon, rubbing his hands, "they pretend to penetrate into my designs, and consult the oracles: you must know, Ladies, that I am not to be guessed at; to-morrow I will cause your prophetess to be ar-

rested, and let me hear no more about her." They attempted to appease him. "It is useless," said he; "I shall give the orders immediately: I will not be imposed upon by a woman." Josephine, who feared the effects of his indignation, sent at night privately Mademoiselle Aubert, one of her attendants, to acquaint Le Normand with his designs. Being informed of the Emperor's determination, Le Normand, instead of being alarmed at the interruption of her tranquillity, and regardless of the advice to attend to her own safety, said with the greatest *sang-froid* to Mademoiselle Aubert, that she felt obliged to the Empress for her kindness, but that she had nothing to fear from the Emperor. This was reported to Josephine, who informed the Emperor of Le Normand's reply.—"*La Demoiselle a pourtant raison,*" said Napoleon; "*où diable va-t-elle chercher ce qu'elle dit?* I will allow her, however, to interfere with your affairs; but, with regard to mine, acquaint her that the least indiscretion shall cost her her liberty."

CHAPTER IV.

My return to England.—Conduct of my eldest daughters and family.—Message from the Queen to the Margrave. —I write an Appeal to the House of Lords.—Sir Theophilus Metcalfe. — General Dalrymple. — Purchase of Brandenburgh House. — The Margrave presents me with Benham, in Berkshire.—My son Keppel Craven. —Lord Craven.—Amusements at Brandenburgh House.

UPON our return to England, I had scarcely pressed my pupil to my heart, when I received a letter, signed by my three eldest daughters, beginning with these words: "With due deference to the Margravine of Anspach, the Miss Cravens inform her, that, out of respect to their father, they cannot wait upon her."

The letter dropped from my hand, while Keppel endeavoured to soothe me, as I could neither speak nor stir. Such conduct seemed to me to be perfectly unaccountable. I, how-

ever, recovered my spirits, in order to support more ill treatment, which I expected would follow, from this prelude.

My suspicions were not unfounded: my eldest son, Lord Craven, totally neglected me; and Lord Berkeley, who was guardian to my children, wrote me an absurd letter, filled with reproaches on account of my marriage with the Margrave so soon after the death of my late husband. I deigned to reply, and observed that it was six weeks after Lord Craven's decease that I gave my hand to the Margrave, which I should have done six hours after, had I known it at the time. I represented that I had been eight years under all the disadvantages of widowhood, without the only consolation which a widow could desire at my time of life,—which was that of bestowing my hand where I might forget, by the virtues of one man, the folly and neglect of another, to whom it had been my unfortunate lot to be sacrificed.

The next affront that I met with was a message sent by the Queen to the Margrave, by the Prussian Minister, to say that it was not her intention to receive me as Margravine of Anspach. The Margrave was much hurt by this conduct of her Majesty, and inquired of me if I could conjecture the cause. I answered him that I was ignorant of it; but that, as such was the Queen's intention, she should not see me at all.

The Margrave, upon this, demanded an audience of his Majesty, but refused to pay his respects to the Queen; nor did he ever after see her.

The Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond were very angry at hearing that I had resolved not to appear at Court as a Peeress of England: but I considered that they were wrong, as, had I done so, it would have been to acknowledge that, although wife of the Margrave, I was nothing more than Lady Craven.

As on my return to England I proposed to

go to Court as a Princess of the German Empire, I was, I confess, surprised to hear that I should not be received there by that title. I therefore drew up an address to the House of Lords, with the intention of claiming my privilege; but, from motives of pride and the persuasion of friends, I did not present it to the House. It was as follows:—

"My Lords,

"I trust, when you reflect, that in presenting the following facts to your Lordships, I have nothing but the justice due to your own prerogatives at heart, when I claim it for myself, whose whole life must endear my name to my noble relations and every other Peer of England,—I trust you will see I can have no motive for submitting the following facts to you; but the sincere wish that you may feel, as I do, that any attempt to innovate upon or diminish our hereditary rights, from Government or Regal power, must prove detrimental to the inte-

rests of the Crown, and the welfare of the people of England; and that the following statement may serve as an urgent reason to apply to the Earl Marshal of England, that in future no Peer or Peeress of England, or Prince or Princess of the German Empire, may be treated as I have been; which never can happen, when your Lordships have ordered him to pronounce a decision upon claims of old and established rights, asked for by all, who, like me, feel the honour and advantages of birth, and look up solely for the protection belonging to the House of Lords, whose independent and hereditary power is certainly the best guardian of the welfare of British subjects.

"My Lords,—When first I returned to my native land, after an absence of some years, with every advantage to myself and England, which the Margrave's virtues, rank, and income could bestow on his wife or her country, he received a message from the Queen, delivered to him by the Prussian Minister, signifying that she would

not receive me as Margravine of Anspach.—This first step I look upon as an innovation in Court etiquette; as it was the Chamberlain, and not a foreign Minister, who ought to have brought any message relative to presentations. As the Margrave could not understand the message in any other sense, but that her Majesty wished not to see me at all during the remainder of his life, he occasionally visited the King, but never asked to see the Queen, or went to any of her drawing-rooms. During that period the late Duke of Richmond, and other of my relatives seated among you, urged me to go to Court as a Peeress, and as such to ask a private audience of the Queen; but I thought such measures would be wanting in respect to the Margrave, and I constantly refused yielding to their advice. In the year 1802, on my return from Vienna, whither the Margrave sent me to have my audience of the Emperor Francis and the Empress, upon my being created a Princess of the Empire, by my

own maiden name of Berkeley,—in obedience to my husband's orders, I asked an audience of the Queen as Princess Berkeley: but Lord Morton, by whom the message was conveyed, informed me he could not obtain any answer from her Majesty, nor one word on the subject.—The Margrave then had no doubt but that the message delivered to him on his arrival in England did really come from her. When the Prince of Wales came to be Regent, I asked my audience of him as Princess Berkeley, and then as a Peeress of England, by the advice of a Peer; but was told my requests were *innovations;* which, my Lords, I deny. On the contrary, I assert that the refusal is an innovation on the rights of Peers and Peeresses of Great Britain. I was referred to Lord Sidmouth, who, with the Duke of Norfolk, whom I spoke to on the subject, and the Marquis of Hertford, can inform your Lordships, that I complain of innovations of rights in my person: one of which is, being referred to a Minister of State,

who is a political man; whereas in cases of Court etiquette, references and claims can only be settled by the Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, whose rights to settle them existed, and exist to this day, from the time England became a Christian country, before the time when my noble ancestors, the Plantagenets, were the Sovereigns of my beloved country. These rights, my Lords, I believe, till now, have never been denied us; or, if they have been, some just reason has been assigned for the refusal of granting them. I have deferred, for three successive years, presenting this my Petition to your Lordships;—matters of greater consequence brought before you, (from the evils arising from the state of warfare and confusion which desolated Europe,) made me look on any wrongs of mine as too trivial for your perusal; and other details brought before you, of high and painful concerns, made me feel it indelicate, and perhaps imprudent, for me to have my name pronounced in the House of Lords:

but at present I trust my forbearance will be amply rewarded by your taking into consideration the foregoing facts; and that you will grant me redress—and, by so doing, spare for the future, to those whom chance has placed in such peculiarly flattering circumstances as I have been, the being obliged to appeal to the Peers of England for justice, when any hereditary or acquired honours are denied them, and that without any reason being assigned for the denial. I feel gratified, my Lords, when I reflect that this address to you is one among many proofs that I have through life fulfilled, as became the daughter, wife, and mother of a Peer, my duty.

" ELIZABETH, M. of B. A. and B.,

" PRINCESS BERKELEY.

" N. B.—When I was at Vienna the first time, only as Lady Craven, Sir R. Keith, the English Minister, informed me, that at that Court Peers and Peeresses of England were treated as Princes of the Empire: accordingly I had a

private audience, to be presented to the Emperor Joseph.—Is it a courteous return for that distinction, for Princess Berkeley to be denied that courtesy at the Court of England?"

I was now attacked by the English newspapers, the Editors of which imagined that they would be bribed by the Margrave to stop their torrent of abuse. It was hinted to me by a person from one of them, that it would be advisable to send ten or twenty guineas to stop the paragraphs which traduced me: but to this observation I remarked, that it would only be a temptation to the Editors to name me when they wanted a little money; and I only wished they might write more, and much worse, in order that the Margrave might prosecute them for libels.

The Margrave, however, soon seemed to cease paying any attention to their scurrilities; but the conduct of some of my relatives made me ashamed of them. I rather think

that what I could not conceal from the Margrave's knowledge, while he lived in England, relative to the malice which I endured, contrasted, in his mind, with the conduct of my relations during my infancy and the reputation I enjoyed before I parted from Lord Craven, must have cured him of his partiality to the English; and, indeed, before his death, I could clearly perceive it. Many atrocious falsehoods came to his knowledge; and many ladies, who had envied me as Lady Craven when very young, had been flattered with hopes of never seeing me again to shine in their atmosphere.

Among other reports which were made to the Margrave, he was informed that my son Keppel was left out of Lord Craven's will. As I had a copy of the will, and could prove that the entailment of all Lord Craven's fine property began by his youngest son, as the third in the entail, the Margrave's esteem for me was fixed by the contradiction of such infamous

calumny: at the same time my daughter whom I afterwards lost, informed him, that, some time previous to Lord Craven's death, he never ceased to tell his daughters of the superior graces and talents of their mother.

A few days before Lord Craven's departure for Naples, Sir Theophilus Metcalfe was with him alone, as he himself told me, when Lord Craven asked him what he thought of me. Sir Theophilus was rather surprised at the question, but answered the truth: "I never," said he, "had the honour of her society but once, my Lord, for a few days at Benham, when the house was full of company; and although I was then but a Major in the East India Company, Lady Craven never made me feel that I was not a Peer of the Realm." Upon this Lord Craven burst into tears—"Metcalfe," said he, "when I parted with her, I parted with the only friend I ever had,—the only person who never deceived me."

Some time after, Mr. Thompson, of Yorkshire,

came and asked me if General Dalrymple loved Lord Berkeley, for, previously to his going to New-York, to take the command there, he had sent for him and Sir William Codrington, as two friends of Lord Berkeley's, to sign his will, —a copy of which he gave them, desiring, in case he was killed, to give it to Lord Berkeley. I told him I believed that Lord Berkeley did not know General Dalrymple. When the General came to be presented to the Margrave, I asked him what Mr. Thompson meant by his observations to me. He replied that, after Lord Craven had imparted to him his intentions of disturbing my peace, if it had been in his power, and that he had been named to New-York, the idea of me and my seven children haunted his imagination; that, as he had no family, and his nephew, the Earl of Stair, did not want his fortune, which was about four thousand pounds a-year, he had made a will in which he had left me every thing he possessed.

My whole employment, during the Margrave's valuable life, was to do every thing in my power to make him not only comfortable, but happy. Under my management, the world imagined that he spent double his income. To see him pleased kept up my spirits, and made me pass over many things which otherwise would have hurt me extremely; and, in particular, the conduct of my children, who, bewildered by reports, and not judging for themselves, neither knew how to behave to him or to me. My eldest daughter, who suffered herself to be misled at first by the conduct of her eldest brother, and sisters, was the only one who returned to a sense of her duty to her mother. But, alas! she did not long enjoy the pleasures of that mother's society, for, as I said before, I was deprived of her by death.

The summer following, the Margrave, at my request, purchased Brandenburgh House, on the banks of the Thames. My eldest son, who had all the military furor of the times

upon him, left all his comforts and enjoyments to follow the campaign in Holland, and in other places. The only property over which his father had given him the controul, was Benham; and this he sold. This was a favourite spot with me and Lord Craven, and it gave me infinite pain to see it parted with. I had built it myself, with my husband's permission, and laid out the grounds according to my own taste; nor would I suffer any of the modern landscape gardeners to interfere, though strongly pressed to allow them. The famous man named Capability Brown was desirous of being employed; but as he had already laid out twelve thousand pounds for Lord Craven at Coombe Abbey, I thought it unnecessary to be more plundered, and trusted to myself for adding to Nature. I had always a satisfaction, when very young, in observing natural beauties, the graces of which I particularly studied.

Benham was most likely originally a *Seigneu-*

rie, centuries before the Craven Peerage was created; and it is probable that Hoe Benham was part of the domain with Benham Row, and almost all the lands which surround it; that it was thus in William the Conqueror's time, or Edward the Third's; and that what is now called *Hoe,* was the French word *haut,*— as the land is higher there than that which immediately touches the site on which Benham House stands, and parted from that by turnpike roads, and a great many inclosed lands belonging to a variety of persons.

I leave to youthful and romantic minds to imagine how tyranny or hospitality was exercised in the lordship of Benham; how many knights in armour defended or offended ladies mounted on white palfreys: I confine my account of Benham to what I have been able to transcribe from the records of England, and my own knowledge of it,—from the days in which our forefathers first travelled in their own coach

and six, down to this modern epoch, when Peers mount their own coach-boxes, and ladies take rambles on donkeys.

The first Earl of Craven, after having signalized his personal courage in the unfortunate wars of Germany, (to preserve Bohemia and the Palatinate to King James the First's daughter,) bought Benham of a Sir Francis Castillon, whose father, John Baptiste Castillon, for his faithful military services in Queen Elizabeth's reign, received as a reward, from that munificent Queen, *Benham, Valence*, and *Woodspeare.* Castillon, I believe, was originally spelt *Castiglione*, as the family was originally Piedmontese. Thus *Hoe* for *haut—curfew* for *couvre-feu—Bell and Savage* for *belle sauvage,*—have, by lapse of time, been turned into a sort of English which is now not exactly understood.

From the time of that purchase by the first Earl of Craven, to this day, Benham had been preserved in the Craven family, till the present

Earl sold it to the Margrave of Anspach. Mr. Lysons, in his "Account of Berkshire," quotes Fuller's quaint language, who says that the lands in Berkshire are *very skittish and apt to cast their owners;* and expresses a hearty wish that *the Berkshire gentry may be better seated in their saddles, so that the sweet places in this county might not be subject to so many mutations.* I must observe that his language is not the language of *truth:* it is the gentry who have voluntarily quitted their saddles,—and not the lands that cast their owners. For some, many excuses may be found: accumulated taxes, and the exorbitant price of all the first necessaries of life, together with the many ingenious ways tradespeople have of cheating, make it impossible for a gentleman to live at his seat,—or indeed hardly any where; so that one half of our nobility and gentry are poorer than the poor, or owe a wretched existence to places or pensions unworthy their birth or sen-

timents; and we see some of the finest and prettiest places in England possessed by nabobs, bankers, or merchants.

It was reserved for my bright star,—that noble star which presided at my birth,—to save Benham from this humiliation. It was reserved to the best of men to be the guardian angel over a mother's fears, and snatch from degradation the work of her taste, to replace it irrecoverably in her hands, that it might end in being an eternal monument of his excellence; and the only wish I form is to preserve both his name and Benham from being injured or debased by ignorance and stupidity in future.

In the History of England, the reign of King James I. will furnish my reader with the melancholy fate of his daughter Elizabeth, who, in her nephew King Charles II.'s reign, retired finally to England, where, after living in the Earl of Craven's fine mansion in Drury Lane not much more than one twelvemonth, she died, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

But what that warlike and magnificent Earl did for her, I fear is scarcely on record. When my natural as well as acquired taste for every thing good and noble, made me curious to find some books or manuscript that could gratify my curiosity as to that period of the Craven family, it was with difficulty I could obtain any satisfaction, as there were neither libraries nor books in any house of any Craven. An old steward of the family at last took some pity on my disappointment, and, perhaps, felt some regard for a girl of seventeen who could feel any delight in poring over relics; so he brought me the plans of the palaces the Earl of Craven built at Hampstead; he shewed me a bond of the Queen of Bohemia's, for forty thousand pounds which the gallant Earl had lent her; in short, he instructed and amused me very much. It was supposed the Earl of Craven was privately married to the Queen.

This place, and many other things, Lord Craven had left me by will; but this will he

subsequently altered, when in a state of health wherein he was unfit to do so. By this alteration he deprived me of the place, and gave it to his son.

When the Margrave purchased it for me, he took the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Moira, now Marquis of Hastings, for trustees, under a deed of gift; and I was empowered by that deed to give or dispose of it, in his lifetime, as I pleased.

Two years after my marriage with the Margrave, the Emperor Francis sent me the Diploma, which is registered in the Heralds' Office, of the title of Princess Berkeley.

Upon my receiving this honour, the Margrave sent to the Queen to inform her that I required an audience on the occasion: but her Majesty never deigned to give an answer to Lord Elgin from that moment; nor did I ever again make an application.

When I had arrived in England, I offered to Lord Berkeley, who was my second son's guar-

dian, to finish his education with the same care and expense that I had bestowed on Keppel; but he refused it, and prevented Berkeley's coming to me as much as possible.

While Keppel was at Harrow, where I had placed him under a feigned name, and during a stay which I made at Fonthill, a lady saw him in the master's private library, and when she was stepping into her coach, she asked the master who the boy was. He answered, "A German."—"It is the image of Lady Craven," she said.—His education was here so completely finished, that the master declared he could teach him no more; and the only pleasure he could give him was the liberty of free access to his private library at all times. Keppel, who at this time was about thirteen years old, spoke English perfectly, without any accent, although he had been so much abroad. The lady's remark struck the master forcibly, who went back to the child immediately, and told him he suspected he was Lord Craven's son; and it

was better that his uncle, Lord Berkeley, who was left to direct his brother, then at Eton, should know where he was: and after his first confusion was over, the child consented to it.

Lord Berkeley was so delighted at finding Keppel thus accomplished, that he afterwards declared it was his wish that I had educated the two other boys: but this did not alter his disagreeable conduct to me; and when I went to Lisbon, Keppel passed the summer vacation with his brother Berkeley, at our relations' in Dorsetshire.

Lord Craven, my eldest son, received the greatest attentions from the Queen, and was caressed by the ladies of the Court, who were eager to match him with their daughters; but he never waited upon the Margrave or me, except when he repented of having sold Benham, as his manors surrounded it.

The theatre, concerts, and dinners, at Brandenburgh House, were sources of great enjoyment to the Margrave. He was very fond of

breeding horses, of which he had a very large stud. This was an amusement so very expensive, and of so little comfort to me, that I wonder I could have had the courage to manage that part of his financial arrangements: but I considered any thing, except debt or disorders, to be right; and now that I look back, I reflect with pleasure.

I remember Colonel M'Neil, husband to my eldest niece by Lady Granard, owning to me that he had been in every office and department of the house, in which he had found such comfort and good order, that he took pains to know who superintended it all. When he found that I was the person, he congratulated me on my domestic attentions, and flattered me exceedingly. He was a very grave and sedate man, possessed of strong sense. He, with his wife Lady Anne, and child, stayed with me two months at Benham, after he had left Jersey, where he had a command,

My taste for music and poetry, and my style

of imagination in writing, chastened by experience, were great sources of delight to me. I wrote the *Princess of Georgia*, and the *Twins of Smyrna;* for the Margrave's theatre, besides *Nourjad* and several other pieces; and for these I composed various airs in music. I invented *fêtes* to amuse the Margrave, which afforded me a charming contrast to accounts, bills, and the changes of domestics and chamberlains, and many other things quite odious to me. We had at Brandenburgh House thirty servants in livery, with grooms, and a set of sixty horses. Our expenses were enormous, although I curtailed them with all possible economy. The necessaries of life had been increased threefold within a few years after we were settled.

The Margrave never reflected, like me, on the prodigious changes in the world, both in morals and in manners. It was these changes which induced Charles Fox, at the first Assembly where he saw me, to say, "Oh! there you are: I wonder what you will do with your edu-

cation; it will embarrass you much." But I was not under any disadvantage from it, for I made way for others in a crowd, while they nodded their heads and pushed me out of their way, as they did every body else.

Had this been only want of manners, I might have laughed; but there was a want of gratitude towards the Margrave from some to whom he had granted the most unbounded and magnificent hospitality; to others he had given a reception as if they had been his equals. From many of these he received neglect; but he never expressed either surprise or displeasure to me: yet I remember one day, when I was looking at the Order of Bareith, and reading part of the motto, "*Toujours le même*," the Margrave said, "That motto was made for her, and to end with her."

It would be too tedious and too trivial for me to recite the variety of ways by which I endeavoured to divert the Margrave's attention

from disagreeable things. Thanks to Heaven! he was as happy as he could be.

The great improvements which I made at Brandenburgh House and the grounds which surrounded it, were my chief occupations for some time. I laid out the grounds entirely; ornamenting them with walks and shrubberies, and planting trees, according to my own taste, —the exercise of which was left entirely to myself.

Brandenburgh House was built by Sir Nicholas Crispe, an eminent merchant and Alderman of London; and there he spent a great part of the latter period of his life. He was made a Baronet in 1665,—soon after which he died. His heart was sent to Hammersmith Chapel, and his body was buried in Bread Street. He was very instrumental in bringing the City of London to the King's party after Oliver Cromwell's death. It afterwards became the possession of Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe; and subsequently Mrs. Sturt enjoyed it.

The situation of Brandenburgh House is so well known, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon that point; and, as it afterwards became the residence of the late Queen, the world is in possession of every circumstance relative to that unfortunate subject. It is now completely levelled to the ground: the dry rot had got into the timbers; and as I never intended again to reside there, after I had been so long in Italy, I disposed of a portion of the land which surrounded it; and by the sale, which proved highly advantageous, with my accustomed good fortune, I was considerably benifited. I think what was sold produced more than three times the sum which was given for it.

The Pavilion at the bottom of the grounds was a place in which I took great delight: a large circular room, with elegant French windows, overlooked the Thames,—and in summer was a retreat, perhaps, not to be equalled in England.

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CHAPTER V.

Beckford.—Mrs. Montague.—Lord Thurlow.—Madame de Vaucluse.—Dr. Johnson.—Lady Bute.—Mr. Thompson of Yorkshire.—Lord Nugent.—Lord Huntingdon.—Duc de Guisnes.—Prince Masserano.—Anecdotes of Marshal Saxe.—Farinelli.

THE Margrave's conduct in society frequently resembled mine; in particular, he never talked politics, nor did he ever converse on the subject of religion. Love was also a theme on which he never descanted. I remember I once gave my opinion to Peter Beckford (who wrote a book on the science of fox-hunting, which all the fox-hunters admired) upon the subject of love: as we were alone, he asked me to give him a definition or explana-

tion of love,—as he believed, he said, that I must have seen more of the effects of that passion than any other woman. I told him if he was sincere in the flattering prologue to his desire of my being useful to him, I would be equally sincere in my answer to him, but that I had only one observation to make;—I had, indeed, seen love in various forms, but I begged him to consider all I had to say was, that, observing the various effects of love upon the human heart, I had discovered that it was a cameleon, which caught the colour of the soul to which it attached itself: that a fierce and brutal man felt a brutal and fierce love; a gentle timid man, a timid love; the melancholy man pleaded in a melancholy manner; a passionate and hasty man in a furious way. "How, then," I continued, laughing, "can you define what love is, since thousands must describe it in a thousand different ways?" He replied, he never thought of that;—and never wrote his Science of Love.

Beckford was very anxious to become ac-

quainted with Mrs. Montague, who resided at that time in Berkshire, at about three miles distance from Benham, and with whom I was very intimate,—although, in Lord Craven's lifetime, she would have no intercourse with him, which rather pleased than offended him, as he said he was not fit to converse with her. I presented Beckford to her, and in my life I never met with more entertainment,—he endeavouring to dazzle her with the variety of his talents, while she astonished him by her learning and conversation.

She was a person of a peculiar disposition, as she never would associate with or talk to any one who was a stranger to her, or whom she did not think a person of information. Mrs. Montague did not speak French well, and I was a resource to her in that point; and particularly for one letter which she wrote on mercantile business, which, if it had gone as she had written it, would have made a most serious mistake.

Lord Thurlow was desirous of seeing Madame de Vaucluse, and requested me to get him introduced: the thing was most difficult; I dared not propose it to her, although he was then Lord High Chancellor of England. It was neither to rank nor riches that she would sacrifice her time. Beckford and I contrived to have an evening party, to which Lord Thurlow should come in, as if by accident. Parties in London at that time were not mobs—a party consisted of a few friends or persons who suited each other, and who thus passed the evening and supped together.

My party that evening consisted of Madame de Vaucluse and Beckford. The servants had their orders about the Chancellor, who was suddenly announced—when I took him by the hand, and said, "I think myself very fortunate, my Lord, that you called to-night, as I shall have the pleasure of presenting Madame de Vaucluse to you, of whom you have heard so much from me and others." Madame de Vaucluse

was obliged to *faire bon visage à mauvais jeu;* and Beckford and I contrived to settle them in a conversation on the sofa together, at one end of the room. He and I imperceptibly retired to the other end, where my harpsichord stood; to which he sat down, and sang and played *à l'Improvisatore*, by detached pieces of music, what he thought might be the subjects of their conversation. Music must be felt by others as it was by Beckford and me, who played by natural instinct, to conceive how highly laughable this musical conversation was. I laughed immoderately. Lord Thurlow and our friend were so taken up with their conversation, that they never suspected what we were doing. The Chancellor was so highly entertained, that he forgot himself, and left the bag and seals behind him; and it was not till two o'clock in the morning that my Groom of the Chambers with dismay announced the lateness of the hour.

Madame Fauques de Vaucluse was singular

in the history of her life. She had been forced by her mother to take the veil, in order to provide for an elder sister who was handsome: she herself had the misfortune not to be beautiful. Her mother and her sister both died of the same complaint,—a cancer in the breast. On these events taking place, she sent to Rome an uncle of hers to plead her cause with the Pope, who allowed her to break her vows. She then came to Paris, and lived with a lady some time, to whom she was a most agreeable companion, and whom she continued with till her death. Madame de Vaucluse had one fault common to great geniuses,—she had every sense but common sense; she soon wanted some assistance to her income, and unfortunately wrote *La Guerre des Bêtes,* a political fable, in which Madame de Pompadour, mistress to Lewis XV. was satirized under the form of a leopard. She thus became the object of persecution; and to avoid the Bastille fled to England, where she lived in great retirement, seeing only Mrs. Montague and a few literary men.

Two years before Lord Craven parted from me, my excellent Governess told me she felt herself too old to continue the education of my daughters, and she would retire and end her days with her son, at the Rectory at Berkeley. I lamented this very much, but dared not even suggest to her that I suspected one of her reasons for so doing was my husband's folly, as I had never communicated to her any thing about it; I only said, "My daughters!—what are they to do without you?" She then burst into tears, and said, "Your daughters! don't flatter yourself: there is not one of them who has your disposition."

After she had left me, I was talking one day to Mrs. Montague about this loss, and said, "I would wish to find a person in London, so accomplished, and such a mistress of French and Italian, that I might permit my four daughters to go twice or thrice a-week, to pass two hours in the morning or evening with her, as she might think fit, for instruction and conversation." Mrs. Montague mentioned Madame de

Vaucluse, but said, she had no hopes of prevailing on her to do such a thing, unless I captivated her. Upon our arrival in London, she proposed to Madame de Vaucluse to bring her to see me as a curiosity, and to let me know when she might call as if by chance.

The visit being ended, and they seated in the carriage, Mrs. Montague asked her what she thought of me: she replied, "*J'ai vu des femmes plus belles, peut-être; mais, pour sa physiognomie, Grand Dieu! j'ai lu, j'ai écrit, beaucoup de Romans, mais elle les a tous dans sa physiognomie.*" She acceded to the arrangement of Mrs. Montague, and took a lodging at a farm-house near Benham, where my daughters attended to her instructions. She passed many hours with me while Lord Craven was absent on his rambles. She was a good Latin scholar, and spoke Italian and Spanish fluently.

Dr. Johnson, who had recommended to me a tutor for my eldest son, whose health did not suffer him to go to a public school till he was

ten years old, came frequently to see me; and I believe would have been the most agreeable person in the world, if he had had a female companion to suit him at home by his fireside; for, gigantic and extraordinary as his thoughts and language were, there was a goodness of heart that pierced through his learning, and made him admired when he lost sight of it.

The great fault which I found with Johnson was the inveterate blame and contempt that he threw on all contemporary writers; and as Lord Macartney was often at my house, I was frequently terrified lest he should tell the Doctor that I had ever written a line of poetry, or even that I could write prose. Lord Macartney's greatest delight was in tormenting me, by coming near the subject.

Johnson was bilious, and had the spleen; for the long silence he often observed, alike with the wise or foolish, was sometimes broken by him in a manner unsought for; as it was kept by him often in spite of all the endeavours of the

wise or witty to break it. But when he did speak, what language he uttered, with what energy he defended virtue, with what comic satire he held up folly or vice!

I remember one day when vices were the topic of conversation, he chose to defend drunkenness as the most innocent of all; and, to illustrate and prove his argument, he supposed me to be walking in the street, and attacked by a drunken man; he ended his narrative by saying, "She might push him into the kennel with her little finger; and how impossible it must be for a man to do much mischief, whom that little finger could repel!"

His biographers have combined to give the world every idle as well as sensible word he has ever spoken, and every trifling as well as serious action he ever performed: they have given at full length every little failing or defect. What character can stand against such a host of spies and informers? and much less that of a man, who, with much pain of body and uneasi-

ness of mind, lived surrounded by those who were watching what they might take down, and what might fall from him at a time when few are supposed to have a command of themselves. But no one who knows how to appreciate his merit from his writings will ever think of attributing to him harsh and absurd opinions, as the deliberate sentiments of his heart.

It was a bold undertaking, when so many writers of the greatest abilities had gone before, and who seemed to have anticipated every valuable subject, as well as the graces of every embellishment, for him to step forth into the world in the character of a moralist; especially when it is considered that luxury and vice had debauched the public taste, and that nothing was welcome but childish fiction, or what had a tendency to create laughter.

Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they in return flattered him so much, that he was almost sure, in his way, to become one of their number.

When Garrick died, to whom he owed great obligations, and we were talking of him, Lord Macartney observed, that he wondered Dr. Johnson should suffer Mr. Davies the bookseller to print a Life of Garrick. Johnson replied, with great disdain, "I think Mr. Davies the bookseller is quite equal to write the Life of David Garrick." I was angry with him for this, but durst not tell him so.

The great author of the Rambler has observed, that a bookseller is the only Mecænas of the modern world. He was unfortunately too intimately acquainted with all the troubles that attend the votaries of literature. Without assenting to all the praise or satire implied in this remarkable sentiment, we may observe, that in this class of men there are individuals who may be esteemed as pleasing associates, and even liberal friends.

One day, in a *tête-à-tête*, I asked him why he chose to do me the singular favour of sitting so often and taking his tea with me. "I, who am

an ignorant woman," I said, "and who, if I have any share of natural wit or sense, am so much afraid of you that my language and thoughts are locked up or fade away when I am about to speak to you." He laughed very much at first, and then said, "An ignorant woman! the little I have perceived in your conversation pleases me;"—and then, with a serious and almost religious emphasis, he added, "I do like you!"—"And for what?" I said. He put his large hand upon my arm, and with an expression I shall never forget, he pressed it, and said, "Because you are a good mother." Heaven is my witness, I was more delighted at his saying this, than if he had praised me for my wit or manners, or any gift he might have perceived in me.

One evening, at a party at Lady Lucan's, when Johnson was announced, she rose and made him the most flattering compliments; but he interrupted her, by saying, "Fiddle faddle, Madam," and turned his back upon her,

and left her standing by herself in the middle of the room. He then took his seat by me, which Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was present, perceiving, he came and sat down by us. Johnson asked him what was the reason he had refused to finish the picture for which I had sat six times: Reynolds was much embarrassed, and said, laughing, "There is something so comical in the lady's face, that all my art cannot describe it." Johnson repeated the word comical ten times, in every different tone, and finished in that of anger. He then gave such a scolding to his friend, that he was much more embarrassed than before, or than even I was, to be the cause of it.

That picture is now at Petworth: it was bought at Sir Joshua's sale, after his death, by Lord Egremont.

Angelica Kauffman painted one for me a fortnight before I was married to Mr. Craven. It is a Hebe. I sat for it, and made a present of it to Colonel Colleton's widow, who had given

me the 500*l.* to deck me out in wedding clothes. She was godmother to my second daughter, the present Countess of Sefton, and left her that picture by will when Maria was only two years old; and that which delighted her father, hung up in his dressing-room for years: she never has asked for it, and I dare say never will.

My acquaintance with Lady Bute, the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, began in a very singular way. She sent me a very polite message on hearing that I had said, the cloven foot of the pedant was plainly to be perceived in the printed Letters of her mother; that some things might be hers, but I was sure most of the Letters were composed by men. Her Ladyship having heard this remark, upon her introduction to me said, that she had always had a high opinion of my sense, and what I had observed respecting her mother's Letters confirmed it. She then told me, that Mr. Walpole and two other wits, friends of his, joined in a trio to divert them-

selves at the expense of the credulity of the English public, by composing those Letters.

Mr. Thompson, of Yorkshire, who was the particular friend of Charles Fox, and who represented the town of Thirsk, in that county, was a man whom I greatly esteemed. He had been proposed to His Majesty by Fox, (Lord North and the Duke of Portland concurring in the wish, as he had great property in Yorkshire,) to be honoured with a riband of the Bath which was vacant. When Fox made the application to the King, His Majesty appeared in a tacit manner to acquiesce, which the former gladly communicated to his friend, desiring him to be ready at the next levee to accept the investiture. Every necessary direction was made at the Heralds' Office, and Mr. Thompson was publicly felicitated.

A great disappointment, however, was to ensue; for on the day of the levee, when the Knights of the Bath had assembled, and every thing was in preparation, the King appeared

astonished at the proceeding, and literally refused to admit Mr. Thompson to the honour. It was in vain that Fox and the Duke of Portland remonstrated; His Majesty remained inflexible, and poor Mr. Thompson was obliged to retire. He, however, bore his mortification with great good humour; and I have more than once heard him joke facetiously with Fox upon the subject.

Fox never could get me to interfere in politics, although he often attempted it. He came to me one day with Lord Abingdon; and exclaimed, "A miracle!—a miracle!" It was in Lord Craven's lifetime. I inquired what was the cause of his sudden surprise? "Craven," said he, "who never till yesterday opened his lips in the House of Lords,—spoke."—"Indeed!" I said, "what did he say? for he did not tell me on his return that he had spoken." He then described to me, with much good humour, a speech which Lord Sandwich had made, who was the first Lord of the Admiralty, and who

ended it by asserting, as a fact, what was only his own invention. Lord Craven rose, to the astonishment of the whole House. Loud murmurs of disapprobation at Lord Sandwich's assertion, had passed into a deep silence, to give audience to a Peer about to speak, who before had never uttered a word. Lord Craven, looking steadfastly at Lord Sandwich, exclaimed, "That 's a lie!" and immediately sat down again. The House burst out into a convulsion of laughter.

At another time, Lord Nugent came to me, and complained bitterly that Lord Abingdon had called him the Old Rat of Government, and begged that I would desire him not to amuse Parliament and the Opposition at his expense; but the nickname of the Old Rat stuck to him as long as he lived.

Lord Nugent had been created an Irish Earl: he was a man of a very athletic frame, and robust constitution, though far advanced in years; yet he afterwards became subject to severe

attacks of the gout. I remember hearing of a witticism of his in the House of Commons, when a Bill was introduced for the better watching the Metropolis. One of the clauses proposed, that, in order to give a better effect to the object, the watchmen should be obliged to sleep during the day-time: Lord Nugent rose, and, with much good humour, desired that he might be included in the clause, as he was so frequently tormented with the gout, that he was unable to sleep either by day or by night."

He possessed a perfect knowledge of the world, with a natural wit which neither place nor circumstances prevented him from indulging. He was not happy in his marriage with the late Countess of Berkeley. He had by her only one daughter whom he acknowledged, and that was the late Marchioness of Buckingham. He was devoted to the fair sex; and, when very old, particularly to the late Duchess of Gordon, to whom both he and Lord Temple addressed lines of poetry: the Duchess was

then in the height of her charms, and she was magnificently received with the Duke at Stowe, where they illuminated the grotto.

Lord Nugent's seat at Gosfield, in Essex, is one of the finest in the county: he possessed it through his wife, who was the widow of Mr. Knight, and sister and heiress of Craggs, secretary to George I. By his first wife he had one son, who died many years before his father, and was a Colonel in the army. Lord Nugent's honours were conferred on him by the late King, as a remuneration for the money lent by him to the Prince of Wales, Frederic, the King's father. The Earldom, with the family name, devolved through his interest to the Marquis of Buckingham, who was at that time Mr. Grenville, and who married his only daughter. The way in which he announced to his family the dignity which had then been conferred upon him, was by filling his glass after dinner, and drinking to the health of his daughter as Lady Mary Grenville.

Lord Huntingdon, uncle to the present Marquis of Hastings, who left his place at Court and gave up all employment, offended at being refused the Dukedom of Clarence, which he had claimed by hereditary right, had been accustomed to visit us frequently in Warwickshire and Berkshire, where he would stay with us a month at a time.

Although his manners were much more like those of a foreigner than an Englishman, (speaking French, Italian, and Spanish perfectly, with all the elegance which is acquired in foreign Courts,) yet he never displayed any thing like superiority. It was impossible to be in his society without obtaining information, and he was equally polite to the wise and the ignorant.

Among the foreign Ministers, the Comte, afterwards Duc de Guisnes, was the most amiable; but he had one talent which made me watch and fear him,—that of appearing to admire great powers only to draw

out of them what he might turn to his own advantage.

In private he was most delightful, because it was not necessary for him to act: he conceived the idea of learning English, and that I might correct him, he always spoke his English before me; but after two experiments I was obliged to desire the Chevalier d'Escurano, Secretary to Prince Masserano, the Spanish Minister, to tell him what he had said, and desire him to say no more in English. The first thing occurred at Blenheim, when the Duke of Marlborough desired Lord and Lady Pembroke and me to bring the Duc de Guisnes to Blenheim. The Duchess, one day after dinner, had some common syllabub made of warm milk from the cow, which was brought in for him to taste, as a national country dainty;—he did not like it, and putting down the cup, he turned to the Duchess, and said, "*Pardonnez, Madame la Duchesse, mais je n'aime point*

votre sillybum." The Duke ran out of the room laughing, and the Duchess, who was sitting on a sofa with me, was unable to speak; and as he questioned every body, they all left him but the Duchess and myself: when he, finding he could get nothing out of us, went in quest of Lord Herbert, the present Earl of Pembroke, who, instead of explaining, ran away from him laughing most heartily.

Another time, at an assembly of my mother's, he sat down to learn cribbage of Lady Hinchinbroke, and desired me to sit by and observe if he spoke English well. She dealt first, and nothing outrageous escaped his lips: but when it was his turn to deal, in playing, he put down king—queen he called quin, and navel for knave; upon which Lady Hinchinbroke got up and walked away, and left me to do what I could, which was to walk away too.

De Guisnes was the best flute-player I ever heard, and his taste in music was exquisite: it was said that he had been sent Minister to

Berlin for his great musical talents, to amuse the Great Frederic; who, being in ill humour with France at the time the Duke arrived, received him coldly, and said to him the first time he was presented, "*Je vous prie, qu'est ce que fait votre maître quand il ne peut pas chasser De Guisnes?*" He felt the sarcasm, looked down, shrugged up his shoulders, and then with the most sly humility said, "*Il est vrai, Sire, que mon maître n'a pas le bonheur de savoir jouer de la flute.*" Old Frederic felt this retort courteous, and ever after treated him with the greatest civility; and they were sincere to each other in music; but I believe they were well matched in policy.

At the time of the Revolution in France I saw this nobleman at Paris, having refused every temptation to be employed, and, without a *sous* to live on, cherished by Madame de Montessor and the Comtesse de Boufflers, with a few more of his old acquaintances, who lodged and fed him, and provided for him; his

despair at seeing Royalty and nobility crushed was so great, that he would not give himself trouble about any thing.

Old Prince Masserano, the Spanish Ambassador, was very partial to me: and as he was extremely sensible, and a martyr to the gout, I used frequently to go and sit by his bed-side, and converse with him, whilst his wife had assemblies on a fixed night every week. I have often heard him speak of Cardinal Ximenes, who lived to the great age of eighty-one; like Fleury, who commenced his administration at seventy-three, and retained his intellectual, as well as civil powers, till the great age of ninety. I have also heard him describe the famous Marshal Saxe, who, by premature indulgences, enervated a frame like that of Hercules in early life. Like his father, the King of Poland, Augustus II., whose natural son he was, he inherited a bodily strength which was truly uncommon. In France he entertained a company of players, in the magnificent style of

a Prince. In his youth he was much attached to the celebrated Le Couvreur, who contributed to inspire his genius for war, and who greatly aided his talents by instructing his mind in every kind of literature. It was Omphale who adorned Hercules. Happily he had better employment in the end than to cultivate those pursuits of Hercules. When he was made Duke of Courland, and obliged to engage in a war against Poland and Russia, Mademoiselle le Couvreur pledged her jewels for him, for the sum of forty thousand francs, which she sent to him. The actress capable of such efforts was worthy to play the character of Cornelia. He was very fond of theatrical amusements, and found much relaxation in them from the fatigues of war; he frequently received dispatches in his box at the theatre, gave his orders, and then would listen attentively to the piece.

On the eve of a battle, being at the play, the actor who had to give out the performance

for the ensuing evening, announced that there would be no play on account of the battle; but that the theatre would be open again the day after. A victory was necessary for the actors to keep their word, and a victory was obtained!

To the love of pleasure he united a calm and profound courage: he was brave and humane. He knew how to respect the blood of his soldiers, and spared them where he could. A general officer one day showing him a post which might be useful, observed that it would not cost him more than twelve grenadiers. "Let us pass it by," said the Marshal, "even if it were twelve lieutenant-generals!" He doubtless, by this pleasantry, did not intend to reflect upon a body of respectable officers, and who, by their services and rank, were destined to command; he wished only to show how he valued a body of soldiers celebrated for their valour.

The night preceding the battle of Raucoux,

he was in his tent, plunged in profound reverie. M. Senac, who was alone with him, inquired of him the cause of his reflections. The Marshal replied to him, in the verses of Andromache,

"Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit eternelle;
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourans,
Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirans."

He added a moment after, "And all these soldiers think nothing about this." A General, who during the silence of the night could thus lament over the massacres of the morrow, and reflect on the thousands who were asleep, a part of whom could only awake to die, must have been more than an ordinary man.

This man, who could melt over the fate of his soldiers, knew how to value the services of his officers, and with all his interest supported them at Court. He entertained that esteem for military merit, which a man ought to have who is occupied with one pursuit

alone. This sentiment, however, did not prevent him sometimes from rendering services of another nature.

A young officer, in one of those moments when fear overcomes duty, and when nature is more consulted than honour, had disappeared. His absence was reported—every one was exasperated. The Marshal, on being informed of his flight, in compassion to his weakness, said that he had given the officer a secret commission, and ordered him to appear on the next day publicly at his levee. The officer presented himself. The Marshal steps forward to meet him—speaks to him some time aside—and then praises him aloud for having performed with promptness and intelligence the orders he had received. By this conduct he preserved a citizen to the State, saved the honour of a family, and prevented a moment of weakness from proving the misery and shame of a whole life. It is unnecessary to say that this officer

became in the end the bravest and best of men.

He frequently assumed a military severity, which corresponded with the rank of a man accustomed to great actions. He besieged a certain place, and the enemy offered terms of capitulation. At the head of the deputies was one who prepared to make an harangue. "Sir," said the Marshal, "it is not for citizens to interfere in the affairs of princes—no orations here!"

This observation reminds me of an orator who attempted to harangue Henry IV. of France, who was passing through a small town. He who was charged with the compliment began in this manner: "Sire! the pleasure which we experience in seeing you in this place is so great that ....." here he found himself embarrassed. A courtier in the King's suite, desirous of extricating him from his difficulty, thus took up the oration: "The

pleasure which we have in seeing your Majesty is so great that we cannot express it."

It was impossible for Marshal Saxe to be without ambition. He was the natural brother of the King of Poland, and elected Sovereign of Courland; was accustomed, during a long period of his life, to the command of armies, —a kind of despotism perfectly absolute; and possessed besides a strong and restless imagination, and an ardent soul which pursued every thing with impetuosity,—a quality without which perhaps there can exist no great talents for war or any other pursuit. This force of imagination sometimes inspired him with the most singular ideas, and which seemed to belong to another age and other manners: it was, as it were, the excess of sap in a vigorous plant.

He took a fancy to become a king: and, on looking around him, as he found all thrones occupied, he cast his eyes upon that nation which for seventeen hundred years had neither sovereign nor country; which was every where

dispersed, and every where a stranger, and which consoles itself for its proscription by the hopes of riches.

This extraordinary project occupied his attention for a considerable time. It is not known how far the Jews co-operated with him, nor to what point their negotiations were carried; nor was his plan ever developed: but the project was well known to the world, and his friends sometimes even joked with him on the subject.

The idea of the sovereignty of Courland was much better founded, though it did not succeed.

He had a third scheme, which was an object of a more extensive nature, and which might have had an influence upon the fate of Europe: it was to become Emperor of Russia. This project, which at first glance might appear to be chimerical, was not, however, so improbable. In 1726, the Comte de Saxe inspired, as is well known, the Princess Ivanowski, Duchess Dowager of Courland, with a lively passion for him.

At that time he could have married her. This passion lasted a long time, but was not happy in its effects: the repeated infidelities of the Count excited at first the jealousy of the Princess, then her rage, and at length her hatred, which ultimately terminated in indifference.

Whilst she remained only sovereign at Mittau, the Comte de Saxe consoled himself in the pleasures of a marriage which cost him little regret. But in 1730 this Princess, niece of Peter the Great, was called to the throne of Russia. It was then that he experienced remorse for his infidelities, and showed for the Empress more attachment than he had ever felt for the Duchess. But the time had gone by; the illusions of love had vanished, and she was probably afraid of having a master over herself. However, the Comte de Saxe did not at first lose all hope, and his fertile imagination formed vast projects which he was never able to put into execution.

There was one in particular which often engaged him. Once mounted on the throne of Russia, his intention was to have disciplined for some period, according to his new method, two hundred thousand Russians. He then proposed to have marched at their head to attack the Turkish Empire, to conquer it, and to gain possession of Constantinople. Having become master of those immense territories,—sovereign of an Empire which extended from Poland to the frontiers of Persia, and from Sweden to China,—he proposed at his death to be interred at St. Sophia.

This immense plan seemed to him to be perfectly simple; and as soon as he should have acquired the title of Czar, he appeared not to doubt the result for a moment. Who, indeed, could say what might not have happened? Perhaps the whole face of Europe and Asia might have been changed! Perhaps a man of Marshal Saxe's disposition, at the head of an army of twenty thousand well-disciplined men,

precipitating upon Asia, might have renewed the conquest of the ancient world, and have revived in that part of the globe, always weak and always conquered, the times of Gengis Khan and Tamerlane. However, all this grand romance, which resembled that of Pyrrhus, was destined to exist only in his imagination. All depended on a woman, and the failure of a marriage allowed the world tranquillity.

The Comte de Saxe, always pursued by the idea of reigning, had also his views towards Corsica. It is probable he would have played a different part in that island from that of King Theodore; and that he would not have finished his career, by going over to England and perishing in the King's Bench prison.

He afterwards consoled himself for his failure in not becoming a sovereign, by effecting the destinies of kings. His successes, his victories, one hundred thousand men to command, and three nations to combat, were sufficient occupations for the activity of his soul. After the

peace, his projects recommenced. Repose and solitude alarmed him. He had often the idea of making an establishment in America, and particularly in Brazil: it was said that he had provided three vessels in Sweden for an expedition into the New World.

Such was the extraordinary train of ideas which occupied the mind of the Comte de Saxe during the whole course of his life. In many instances he was the prototype of Bonaparte. This kind of secret agitation which tormented him, joined to his great talents for war, would at the present time have rendered him a man fitted for the purposes of great revolutions. What appears most singular in his character is, that the same man, whose ideas seemed to appertain to an imagination the most ardent, and who frequently formed schemes more bold than rational, as soon as he was at the head of an army, possessed views the most sage and employed means the most sure. This contrast between his character and his genius has not been much the subject of observation,

although undoubtedly it merits the greatest attention.

Mademoiselle Chantilly, a favourite actress, was the Marshal's *chère amie*: she had great personal attractions and much theatrical merit; but, as she was married, she rejected the Marshal's proposal,—not that such a circumstance was a general cause for refusal. Foiled in this attempt, a *lettre de cachet* was obtained, and consent or imprisonment were the only remedies. She preferred the former. From whatever cause it arose, no sooner had he obtained the object of his desires, than he found that nature had deserted him: he resorted to expedients; the remedies proved too powerful, and produced his death, at fifty-four years of age.

He fell a victim like the Duke of Orleans, some years before, and whom he in a great measure resembled both in his virtues and his vices.

It had been his intention to have no burial nor funeral pomp after his death. He requested that his body might be burnt with

quick-lime; so that, as he said, no remains of him might exist on earth, but the remembrance of him with his friends. The King, who was unwilling to submit to such a demand, was desirous of showing his subjects an example of honour to this great man, even when he was no more. His body was embalmed, and transported with the utmost pomp to Strasburgh, to be interred in the Lutheran church of St. Thomas. He had frequently been urged to become a Catholic, but he always refused to change his religion. He declined to imitate Turenne, except in war; which made the Queen declare "That it was a pity that a *De Profundis* could not be sung for one who had caused so many *Te Deums* to be celebrated."

The death of Stanislaus, the father of the Marshal, was as singular as that of his son, although not similar. Being much addicted to smoking tobacco, like the Germans, and I may now add, like my own countrymen, he generally every day finished many pipes. In knock-

ing out the ashes, he set fire to his dressing-gown; as no one was near him, the flames had surrounded him: on hearing his cries, the officer on guard came to his assistance, and extinguished the fire. He might have survived, but a singular circumstance accompanied the accident.—He had been devout during the last years of his life, and, as a penance for his sins, had worn a girdle, with points on the inside: these became heated; and being pressed into his body while the flames were extinguishing, caused a number of wounds, the discharge from which, at his period of life, proved too much for his debilitated constitution. He soon after expired, exclaiming in his last moments, "*Il ne manquait qu'une pareille mort pour un aventurier comme moi.*"

Masserano entertained me with many histories relative to the Court of Spain. Farinelli, the celebrated Italian singer, enjoyed under the reign of Ferdinand the Sixth, as he had done under that of Philip the Fifth, an un-

bounded sway over the King and Queen. He was a man of honour and liberality, and supported that character in the many storms of Courts. He might be said to have shared the power in Spain with the first Minister of State, Ensanada. Besides his musical talents, he employed none other than that of probity,—a character but rarely to be met with in Courts, where ambition regards every thing as lost which it cannot obtain. He bestowed his kindness on all those who stood in need of it, and they whom misery had reduced to indigence found in him a resource and a protector. He never boasted of his liberality. In bestowing he *retira la main*, which rendered his gifts more valuable. They who give have too much advantage over us, if they add to it humiliation: their gifts then overwhelm us.

After having acquired a large fortune, he retired into the country. A fortune thus obtained is generally soon dissipated: it is not easy to possess without display, that which has

been gained with labour and trouble; generally, as the proverb says, "*Ce qui vient par la flute, s'en va par le tambour.*" The Italian adds to this, "*Che la farina del Diavolo fa cattivo pane.*"

When a *Soprano* has lost his powers of singing, or a caperer is reduced to his crutches, he dies frequently before he ceases to live: for the musician and the dancer are animals who love agitation, and when they quit active life, they are the most unhappy beings in the world; they pine away in languor,—the fruits of a profession which, from being too gay at first, ends by being too sombre.

When Italian music first began to be fashionable in England, a *Soprano* married a female singer of the Opera. The *virtuosa*, two months after her marriage, declared to her husband that she was in expectation of becoming a mother. "*Cara consorte,*" said the happy man, "*questa non me l'aspettava. Nulladimeno,*" added he,

"*si vede oggi tante cose straordinarie nel matrimonio, che si vuol vedere anche questa.*"

Such marriages as these are certainly extraordinary; and where a mutual disgust is found, a separation is always justifiable. How much greater, then, must be that feeling of dislike with those who can only marry from motives of interest, and must continually experience subjects of division?

Rome was surprised when the great Scipio repudiated his wife, and more particularly as she appeared to possess those qualifications which could render her husband happy. In justification of his conduct, the noble Roman assembled his friends, to whom he showed his foot: "Behold!" said he, "how well this sandal is made, how proper it is,—but none of you know where it presses!"

Without disparagement to the Roman General, there is rarely a shoe after marriage which fits well to the foot. It is with marriage as

with Masonry; it is only the brotherhood who know the secret. A foreigner who was lately married, complaining of his condition to one of his friends who experienced the same fate, was advised to hold his tongue: "for," said his friend, "there are others who will be caught in the same snare." "*Maladetto,*" said an Italian, who had just been let into the secret, "*bisogna provarlo, per saperlo.*" Before we marry, says he, "*Queste Signorine son modeste, umili, dolci; subito che sono maritate, ci vuol' il cavalier servente, il cicisbeo, l'amico, l'amante, e il boia che le impicchi.*"

What happiness would the married state bestow, did it always continue as at that period when hope and love are alive! Were the attentions of the wife received with that fervour with which those of the husband are bestowed; or were the husband's moments never obscured by the inequalities of humour, or the languors which are incident to the wife,—then existence might indeed be a blessing: but

those charming illusions which, for the preservation of the passion, are necessary to be preserved, are but too frequently neglected or destroyed. The roses are left to wither unheeded; and but too late the thorns are discovered beneath the flowers which concealed them—but too late to avoid the wounds they inflict. Then it is that the delusion of the senses, that pleasing intoxication, begins to dissipate. Man trembles at the heavy weight of the chains with which he is fettered, and begins to reflect whether any advantages counterbalance their inconvenience; and wrests ultimately from his companion all power of diminishing their galling influence, by the impatience which he displays in their endurance.

Woman, by Nature formed more for dependence than man, and consequently more naturally inclined to hold every engagement sacred, yet, by the dereliction of the husband, feels herself irresistibly emancipated from the strict observance of those duties, which a different

conduct on his part would have claimed. Hence arise many of those evils which obscure and deform that state, which was certainly designed in the ways of Providence to be a mutual protection from the cares and delusions of the world.

Let the man who desires to preserve his wife in purity and rectitude, never give her reason to imagine that his heart has admitted a thought which might tend in his estimation to reduce the creature of his happiness from that situation in which she imagined she was placed. Women, naturally from their situation of helplessness and dependence, incessantly seek to become objects of preference and esteem; and the man who once permits his wife to suppose that she has failed in his esteem, has betrayed her into a path from whence no subsequent good conduct on his part may possibly extricate her.

Let not man believe that woman can ever sincerely love him, unless his actions towards her are those dictated by purity and honour. Is

it possible for human nature to love that which is its degradation?

Were the wife ingenuously, under circumstances of an unpleasant nature, to speak openly to her husband on the occasion, many evils might be avoided; but too frequently the wife cherishes in her bosom the corroding poison, which imagined slight on the part of her husband has produced, and determines on revenge whenever opportunity may occur. This again, on his part, allows him increased latitude, and ultimately causes, on either side, indifference and dislike, even should no worse consequences ensue.

CHAPTER VI.

Literature.—Mr. Edward Jerningham.—Lord Thurlow.—Anecdotes of his Lordship.—Lord Cholmondeley.—Count D'Alet.—The Senator Quirini.—Madame de Phoun.—Comte de Mirabeau.—Remarks.

DURING our long residence at Brandenburgh House, while the Margrave amused himself with his horses, and I was employed during all weathers in my grounds and gardens, I did not neglect my passion for literature. History I considered as a most interesting pursuit, because it gives us a picture of the world of which we form a part. It is true that it is a labyrinth, where human reason has no thread, and we must pass over the prejudices of each historian, and what is more, of every age, in order to discover truth.

Although history may be very uncertain, there are, notwithstanding, facts established in the annals of the world, of which we must acquire the leading features, and retain them. Bossuet, as a French writer, fixes the grand epochs, and illustrates after this principle. His Universal History has another great quality: it is replete with circumstances, and there are no mysteries to unravel.—There is no event, however extensive its effects may be, which cannot be encompassed in a narrow circle; and this depends on the genius of the writer. Raphael has placed the whole world in a painting, without separating any of its parts; but Raphael was a great painter, which the greater part of historians are not.

Henault is a second Bossuet of another kind: he places an admirable order in the Chronology of the times, which is the guide of history and of historians. Of this great autl or it is to be regretted, that he has not don for all the nations of Europe what he has perfected for France.

For the elevation of the mind above the earth, I recognise the Plurality of Worlds, of the wise, and, above all, the amiable Fontenelle. That author leads us through the vast spaces of the heavens, without leading us astray. Had all the learned men treated this subject, and explained it with the clearness and precision of Fontenelle, there would have been no occult sciences.

After Fontenelle, I admired the elegant Algarotti the Venetian,— Algarotti, whom the great Frederick honoured with his friendship; and after having distinguished him from the other philosophers of his age, raised a mausoleum to him after his death.

When I wish for information of what passes in the material world, I read Buffon: this author opens to me the doors of Nature; I penetrate with him into the interior of the most profound secrets; there remains no longer a mystery; I tear the veil from operations, which, before the existence of this great philosopher, were invisible to the human mind. I

can even assist, as it were, at the great creation, in perceiving how all was formed from the bosom of the earth.

It is true, this system has left for science a career formidable to encounter, and that at present it has only commenced; for, if the life of a man is required only to discover the qualities of a mineral, how many lives would be requisite to discover those of all the minerals?—But it is a great point obtained to have the key to nature.

When I found my mind changeable, and my ideas not consecutive, I referred to the great Dictionary of the *Encyclopedia*. This work, so profound, so instructive, furnished me with information of every kind.

When I have no imagination, I look over some translations: I select that moment, because genius is not necessary there. The authors of this kind begin their career without spirit, and conclude it without glory. "If you translate always," says the author of the Persian Letters, "you never will be translated."

Italian authors, I think, in general, are not amusing; but the *Animali Parlanti* of Casti is, in my opinion, one of the best things ever written. The Tragedies of Alfieri are also very fine. Dante is very obscure: however, the Italians who do not understand him, but who imagine that they do, say that he is very clear. However that may be, they are indebted to him for having afforded them the means of forming a language, really pure, upon the wrecks of an idiom which was quite barbarous. I love Petrarch, who tells his dear Laura a hundred times that he loves her, without repeating the same phrases. If lovers of the present day had that talent, they would not be so very insipid, nor so annoying as they are. Metastasio enchants by the softness and harmony of his poetry: it is a pity that, with so many means of being original, he should be a copyist.—Muratori surprises by the vast extent of his knowledge,—but he is without purity or elegance: it is to be regretted that so great a man can be

reproached for speaking ill, when he writes so well.

Montesquieu, among the French, expresses himself with much precision,—he says much without appearing to speak; he is the only author of the age—all the others are only writers. Each period of the *Esprit des Loix* forms a picture, and each picture contains a portrait. *L'Esprit d'Helvetius* gives me *de l'esprit.* It is impossible to put more in a work which is all matter; he displays gaiety in a book which by nature might be dull. He makes me smile when he says, that a woman having found her lover in a flagrant situation, he wished to persuade her not to believe her eyes: and not being able to succeed, he says to her, "Ah Madam! you cannot love me, since you give more credit to what you see than to what I tell you."

Among many valuable friends, I esteemed none more than the late Mr. Edward Jerningham, brother of Sir William, of Cossey, in the

county of Norfolk. Mr. Jerningham in early life had been placed at the English College at Douay: he acquired a taste for allegorical imagery from his favourite Spenser; and from Dryden he collected his knowledge of men and manners, which restrained the luxuriance of his youthful fancy. Mr. Jerningham had the good fortune to move in the first circles of society, as his birth entitled him; and he was always caressed for the amiable mildness of his manners, and his engaging and instructive conversation. He resided with his mother till she died, which was at a very advanced age. He wrote two plays, one called "The Siege of Berwick" —a tragedy of considerable merit, with a well-conducted fable and strong imagery; his second dramatic work was "The Welsh Heiress"—a comedy which described the manners of high life with great animation, and also afforded many scenes of humour and simplicity. He translated the Funeral Orations of Bossuet, and some of the Sermons of that celebrated preacher.

A poem, entitled "The Shakspeare Gallery," was much admired, and I have heard Mr. Burke pass great encomiums on it. In speaking of it he said, "I have not seen any thing so well finished for a long time; he has caught new fire by approaching in his perihelion so near to the sun of our poetical system." This idea was truly Burke; but I must confess I never liked Burke's language in conversation,—it was too flighty.

The accomplished Lord Harcourt, who was Jerningham's particular friend, wrote to him, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Dublin, to thank him for his writings, and to inform him what delight he experienced from them; adding, at the same time, that he was authorized by the Queen of England to say how much gratified she had been in their perusal. From this venerable nobleman he also derived the pleasure of the acquaintance and friendship of the present Earl. Lord Chesterfield had the highest esteem for him, and at his noble mansion he had

the liberty of being a constant visitor. His poem on the Rise and Fall of Northern Poetry abounds with allegory and beautiful imagery, and in many instances soars into the sublime. Doctor Parr, in a letter on the subject of "Enthusiasm," one of Jerningham's best works, pays him the highest compliments. He says that many of the expressions are wrought up to a pitch of eloquence, and the debate on the subject is conducted with the perspicuity of argument and the animation of poetry.

Lord Thurlow, whose advice I had asked when perplexed with the conduct of my husband, was always ready to show me every proof of his regard. He was very fond of relaxing from the arduous duties of his office, but had a habit of mixing oaths in his conversation at all times. His Lordship was a Norfolk man, and I think I have heard him say that his father was a manufacturer of the City of Norwich. He received his education in that county, under the Reverend Joseph Brett, Rector of Scarning, a

man of great abilities, and a most worthy character. Under his care and instructions, those great talents were called forth, which afterwards raised him to the highest office of the State. He was indebted in his youth to the late Duchess of Queensberry, whose interest with Lord Bute first procured him a silk gown. Her Grace was the great friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay; and her influence, and his powers, at first procured him the situation of Attorney-general, while he sat in the House of Commons.

Lord North derived great advantage from the solidity of his abilities and eloquence, and his removal to the House of Peers was supplied by Wedderburn. His person, manners, voice, and figure, inspired awe. His dark shaggy eyebrows, and his complexion, added to the regularity of his features, expressed a severe command. His abrupt tone was always decisive. His heart was good, but inflexible.

A clergyman in the North, who had been educated with Thurlow, had been told by him

jocosely, when young, that if ever he came to be Lord Chancellor he would provide for him. When Thurlow had been seated on the woolsack, this gentleman mentioned the story of the promise to a friend, who advised him to go to London and make the trial, although he said he thought he would be forgotten, as he had never kept up any acquaintance with his former associate. With trembling expectation the clergyman reached London, and proceeded directly to the Chancellor's house. Having inquired for his Lordship, and having sent up his name, he was ordered to be admitted. He found Lord Thurlow in his study, and heard him previously call out in a loud tone to the servant who announced him, "Shew him in!" With great humility he informed him of the purport of his visit, and, hoping that no offence would be taken at his presumption, requested that he might be appointed to a small living which was then vacant near the place where he resided as Curate. He had no sooner made known his object, than

Thurlow rang the bell, and, with the voice of a Stentor, shouted to the servant, "Shew him out!" The summons was obeyed, and the poor disconsolate Curate returned home totally disappointed, to condole with his friend on his harsh treatment. In two days' post, however, he received a letter from the Chancellor, with a nomination to a very valuable rectory, which consoled him amply for the vexation he had undergone.

Lord Thurlow had a nephew in the Church, who came from Norfolk, where he lived, to pay his respects to the Chancellor. In the course of conversation, he asked him by what conveyance he had reached town. Mr. Thurlow answered, "By the mail-coach, my Lord."—"By the mail!" replied the Chancellor; "go to my coach-maker, and order yourself a carriage, and let me hear no more of mail-coaches." His injunctions were obeyed, and his nephew was soon after appointed to the very valuable rectory of Houghton le Spring, in the county of Durham,

(where Lord Thurlow had made his brother Bishop,) and to a stall in Norwich Cathedral.

The ruggedness and asperity which his Lordship displayed, had obtained for him the nickname of the Tiger; yet he had his moments of relaxation and good humour, when no man could equal him for pleasantry. He had been in his youth both gay and dissipated, and in the latter period of his life he was fond of society and conviviality.

When the King, reduced to despair by his inability to free himself from the Coalition, and unable to form a new administration, had determined in his own mind on making a journey to his Electoral dominions, he communicated his intentions to the Chancellor, who, with that openness and candour which were a part of his nature, expressed his strongest disapprobation of the measure. "Sir," said he, with his usual tone of voice, "there is nothing so easy for you to do, as to go over to Hanover; but the return from thence may not be so easy: your Majesty

must recollect the precedent of James II. You must relinquish, Sir, such an imprudent idea." The King followed his advice.

One day Lord Thurlow came to me, and said that he had an epitaph in Latin, which was put into his hands by Lord North, (who was perhaps the finest scholar in the kingdom, if not in Europe,) and begged of me to give him the meaning of it, if he put it into English for me. As it is a great curiosity, and I never heard of it before, I will put it down in the original, not from any affectation, but for the amusement of those who may chance to meet with it. It is as follows :—

D. M.
Ælia Lælia Crispis
Nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgyna,
Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus,
Nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica,
Sed omnia;
Sublata
Neque fame, neque ferro, neque veneno,
Sed omnibus:

Nec cœlo, nec aquis, nec terris,
Sed ubique jacet.
Lucius Agatho Priscius,
Nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius,
Neque mœrens, neque gaudens, neque flens
Hanc,
Nec molem, nec pyramidem, nec sepulchrum,
Sed omnia,
Scit and nescit cui posuerit.

Another copy commences with

A. M. P. P. D.

and has this addition to the end:

Hoc est sepulchrum, intus cadaver non habens,
Hoc est cadaver, sepulchrum extra non habens;
Sed cadaver idem est et sepulchrum sibi.
Ælia Lælia Crispis non nata resurgens.

I must confess that I was for a long time puzzled to unravel this enigma: there appears a great obscurity in the former one; but the explanation of the latter, after much consideration, I think is given thus:

Ælia Lælia Crispis appears to be a daughter promised to a person in marriage, and who died

pregnant with a male child before the celebration of her nuptials. The bones are the sepulchre, and Lucius Agatho Priscius the mason.

I returned my explanation to Lord Thurlow, who was highly pleased with it.

Some years before Lord Craven had separated from me, he had been in the habit of giving me a lottery ticket every year. The year after the birth of Berkeley Craven, I obtained a prize of two thousand pounds; with part of which I bought that land on which what was Craven Cottage stands, on the banks of the Thames, between Fulham and Hammersmith; and with £600. I bought and gave to Lord Craven a brilliant of a very beautiful description. Lord Cholmondeley was very anxious to purchase this cottage of me. He wrote to me saying, that when George I. sent to know if the Duke of Somerset would sell Sion House, he received a negative, but was told that he was ready to treat for Richmond. "Perhaps," says his Lordship, "you will propose to purchase Houghton, if I

ask you to sell me your cottage, and to lease me a few acres next to it down to the Thames."

I forgot to mention, in speaking of my marriage, a few lines in French, which were put into my hand on that occasion, by a friend. If I remember rightly, they ran thus:

Aux époux unis par le cœur,
Le tems fait blessure très légère ;
On a toujours de la fraicheur
Quand on a les talens de plaire.
Rose qui séduit le matin,
Au soir peut être belle encore ;
L'Astre du jour à son déclin,
A souvent l'éclat de l'Aurore.

After we had resided some time at Brandenburgh House, a worthy Frenchman, the Count D'Alet, a Norman by birth, who had served in a military capacity, but had retired from service, came to reside with us, as Chamberlain to the Margrave. He was a man of a very

singular turn of mind, and the best comic actor, I think, I ever saw. Of course we considered him as a great acquisition. I first became acquainted with him at Venice, where I had the pleasure also of forming a friendship with the Comte de Brimmer, the Austrian Ambassador, and his wife. A Venetian senator, named Quirini, was also among my numerous friends. I remember seeing Quirini and two other senators in their robes wait upon the Margrave, to inquire of him whether he would be received as a Sovereign Prince, or merely as a travelling gentleman, when passing through that city. The Margrave replied, "Only as Comte de Sayn." This was during the fêtes for the celetion of a Doge. Had the Margrave's rank been declared, the cost and trouble would have been immense. He was therefore handed about between two beautiful nieces of the Doge, and I between two others. There were besides twelve young noblemen, of which we were not

apprised: they constantly surrounded us to prevent our being molested or incommoded.

One evening, at Prince Galitzin's, when it was found that I did not play at cards, several ladies made a circle round me, and the men who did not play formed another. In the most animated part of our conversation, a handsome young lady came up, and was thus accosted by Madame de Phoun, who was present; "*Dites-moi quelle partie de votre corps respectable souffre ce soir, pour que je puisse vous mésurer le dose de pitié que je dois avoir pour vous:*" and then turning to me, she continued, "Don't be surprised, for she is always complaining. Look at her, and tell me if she wants pity to render her more interesting." What a delightful style of *plaisanterie!*

It is hardly possible to reconcile the different impressions which various persons receive from the characters of those respecting whom they are prejudiced by love or antipathy, by a similarity

of sentiments or an opposition of interests. I shall mention, as an instance of this kind, the celebrated Comte de Mirabeau. When I became first acquainted with him, I discovered the calm reflection of the philosopher, with the natural warmth of character which universally pervades the French nation. The most elegant manners and polished mind, with the most extensive reading, together with the high rank which he held in society, entitled him to be considered as one of the most leading men in France. After the first ebullitions of the French Revolution, although at that period I had not an opportunity of observing his character, yet from what I could learn, he had almost changed his disposition. I was first drawn towards him by prejudices of the most exalted kind; while, on the other hand, some of the ancient *noblesse,* who indulged in all the feelings of powerful aristocracy, withdrew under ideas of horror from the atmosphere which surrounded him.

With that animation with which nature had endowed him, it was impossible for him to exist in a sphere where such excitement was produced, without being an active partaker in the surrounding events. He soon attached himself to the party of the Duke of Orleans, whose sole object was the overthrow of Royalty and the exaltation of himself. To this end Mirabeau lent his aid, and though actuated probably by other motives, there can be no question that his brilliant talents and powerful oratory operated to produce measures of which he at first could not possibly see the end. He might have aspired to be the Minister who was to govern France at his will. He despised the Court, and detested the order of nobility to which he belonged. He circulated his free thoughts on Government with avidity, and played a part which his ambition dictated, but which his good sense might regret.

He was born with ardent and impetuous passions: he had spent a youth of storm. He

had been, all his life, said M. de la Harpe, an immoral man; his character was said to have changed with the deviations of his mind. His temperament was irascible. He was vigorous, but headstrong; he had no secrets, nor any system, but his own interest at the expense of all parties. He was sometimes a plebeian, at others a patrician; sometimes a republican, and sometimes a despot. I would not pretend, on my own judgment, to declare the versatility of his great genius; but if I might adopt the words of La Harpe, who was strongly prejudiced against him, I might add that those brilliant coruscations of mental power, which might, with the fine expressions of sentiment that he was capable of uttering, have done honour to the most virtuous character, were by this profound Macchiavellist used only as a species of traffic.

I have frequently been led to observe, from my intercourse with the French nation, that the French are vain of their country, because

they are vain of themselves. Such vanity must be distinguished from real patriotism, which consists in loving our country independently of ourselves. A continual influx of wealth into a capital eradicates every fibre of this virtue; for wealth generates luxury and avarice, which are selfish vices, and selfishness enslaves the mind. France is not an exception to this observation; Rome and Venice are striking instances of it. While patriotism was the ruling passion of the Portuguese, their illustrious General Albuquerque carried all before him in the Indies. He adhered to the ancient frugality of his countrymen, and remained uncorrupted amidst the splendid offers of power and wealth. In private life he was of the strictest honour; but, as justice is little regarded among nations, it was no obstruction to his ambitious views of extending the dominions of Portugal.

It gives me pain to reflect, that the epidemic distempers of luxury and selfishness are spreading fast their empire over England. It is use-

less to dissemble that profligacy of manners must, in London, be a consequence of too great opulence, as it has before been, in every part of the globe.

I have repeatedly observed, that I never approved the system of English education; even in public schools, patriotism makes no branch of instruction: Get what you can for yourself, is the chief motto of most young men, —and keep what you can get. This lesson is inculcated early. The scholars of Eton put themselves on the high road to obtain, or rather enforce, donations from strangers; and while this mean practice continues, it is far more poisonous to manners, than giving vails to servants, of which the nation has at length been ashamed. The stronger boys, without control, tyrannize over the weaker; subjecting them to every hardship and servile occupation, cleaning shoes not excepted. They are permitted to cheat each other, and he is the finest fellow who is the most artful. Friendship is,

indeed, cultivated; but so it is among thieves: a boy would be run down, if he had no particular associate. In a word, the most determined selfishness is the general lesson.

In our public schools, morality is never thought of; and I have myself seen two young men of noble families placed under the care of a tutor from Eton, who not only accompanied them to the gaming-tables in London, but initiated them and sanctioned them in every species of vice: one of them, from being plundered by sharpers, began himself to plunder; and carried his depredations so far, that I hinted at his practices to a friend of his father's, who sent over from Ireland, and removed him from the scene of his profligacy,—from the Mount Coffee-house, where he had taken up his abode, and was entertaining his friends with Burgundy and Champaign. This youth had but just entered his seventeenth year, and was heir to an Irish Barony, but fell a victim to his follies before he reached

the years of manhood. I happened, about the period of his first irregularities, to dine in company with the Master of Eton College, and inquired of him (who was certainly a most excellent man) whether he thought the tutor of these youths was a person in whom such a trust might be placed, as the direction of their conduct upon their first appearance in life. The Doctor informed me that he was always considered at Eton as a fine scholar, but that farther than that he knew very little about him.

I have always been a strict observer of truth, and I will venture to affirm, that from the principles which I inculcated early in the mind of my pupil, Keppel, he has never, on any occasion, deviated from that virtue, during his whole life. I defy my most bitter enemy to say that I ever was found guilty of a falsehood. Truth is always uppermost,—it is the natural issue of the mind; it requires no art or training, no temptation or inducement, but

only requires us to yield to natural impulse. Lying, on the contrary, is doing violence to our nature; and is never practised, even by the worst of men, without some temptation. Speaking truth is similar to our taking natural food, which we should do from appetite, although it answered no end; lying is like taking medicine which is nauseous to the taste, and which no man takes, but for some end which he cannot otherwise attain.

CHAPTER VII.

Accident which befel the Marquis of Lansdowne at Southampton.—Jephson.—Colman.—Mr. Elwes.—Mr. Sloper.—Sheridan's father.—Sheridan.—Anecdotes of him.—Duke of Richmond.—Mr. Charles Greville.—Mr. Wilkes.—Marquis de la Fayette.—Remarks.—Mr. Somers Cocks.—Madame de Polignac.—Marshal Broglio.—Comte d'Artois and Prince de Condé.

DURING my residence at Southampton, in 1806, where I had a house pleasantly situated near the river, the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was extremely fond of aquatic excursions, and delighted in nautical experiments, had prepared a vessel, which he had built at Southampton under the superintendence of a skilful engineer. It was in the month of November, and Captain Haywood, of the Navy, re-

quested permission to attend his Lordship, who wished to try how the vessel would sail without ballast; it being double-bottomed. The Captain having approved the experiment, they agreed to leave the Quay at twelve o' clock; the tide then running up, and it being nearly high water, with a gale blowing hard.

In a few minutes they had proceeded from the Quay about a mile, and the vessel being schooner-rigged, by the time the head-sails were set, in running up the main-sail, she overset. Lord Lansdowne was the only person thrown out, as he was standing inattentively upon the deck; the rest of the party, seven in number, clung to the side of the vessel: fortunately his Lordship caught hold of the mast-head, and thus preserved himself from destruction.

I was at the back windows of my house, overlooking the river and viewing his Lordship's exploits, at the moment this occurrence took place. I was so alarmed for his Lordship's safety, and terrified at his danger, that I or-

dered all my servants to run up to the Marchioness, who was residing at her castle, to inform her of the catastrophe, and urge her to hasten down to the shore and render him assistance.

My presence of mind at the same time induced me to order out my boats instantly to rescue the party from a watery grave. I had the satisfaction of seeing the Marquis return in safety, with his friends, although completely wet, having remained in the water more than an hour. I had previously prepared wine, to refresh the drenched experimentalists on the beach, and was happy in being instrumental to their preservation.

It would fill volumes, to particularize the numerous persons who were at different times presented to me. Jephson, who never saw me or spoke to me in his life, I believe, when he sent one of his tragedies from Ireland, to be acted in London, desired it might be read to me, that I might give my opinion as to its

success. Henderson read it to a small party, at my house in town; and from that time I invited Henderson to my select parties: he was a good scholar, and the best mimic I ever saw.

Mr. Colman, the manager of the theatre in the Haymarket, was a most agreeable companion; his humility and good-nature were equal to his wit and sprightly conversation. He was the natural son of Lord Bath (Sir James Pulteney); and his father, perceiving in the son a passion for plays, asked him fairly if he never intended to turn his thoughts to politics; as it was his desire to see him a Minister, which, with his natural endowments, and the expense and pains he had bestowed on his education, he had reason to imagine, with his interest, he might become. His father desired to know if he would give up the Muses for diplomacy, and plays for politics; as, in that case, he meant to give him his whole fortune. Colman thanked Lord Bath for his kind communication; but

candidly said, that he preferred Thalia and Melpomene to ambition of any kind, for the height of his wishes was to become at some future time the manager of a theatre. Lord Bath left him 1500*l.* a-year, instead of all his immense wealth.

Mr. Elwes, the famous miser, and Member for Berkshire for many years, was presented to me at a great dinner given by the Mayor of Newbury, and he asked my permission to come to Benham for a few days, that he might be more acquainted with me. He stayed with me some days; and I never met with a more polite man, or one who possessed more information and entertainment.

I had also a neighbour in Berkshire, who was nearly ninety years of age,—Mr. Sloper, who had been intimate with my great aunts and uncles, and had passed his life in retirement, after the death of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, to whom he had been for many years attached, and by whom he had a daughter,

married to a Mr. Barton, a very accomplished person. This old gentleman was quite of the *vieille cour* in his manners and exterior. He was extremely fond of reading, since he had withdrawn himself from London and the world.

He began his acquaintance with us, in Lord Craven's life-time, by walking into our house at Benham one day, and thus accosting him: "I am not come to visit you, Lord Craven, but to beg a favour of you." Lord Craven said, "Any thing that brings you here, Mr. Sloper, must be agreeable to me."—"I believe so," said the old gentleman, "for what brings me here is that lady: her relations in her infancy had told me so many singular things about her, that I want to be acquainted with her, to know if she deserve them." After Lord Craven had remained a short time, he left the room, and we had a long conversation. He then took such a fancy to me, that he would come and stay at Benham two or three days together, even when he knew that Lord Craven was absent. I considered him

as an old book full of information and entertainment, and of anecdotes of nearly a century past. He thought nothing of walking four miles to Benham and back again within the twenty-four hours. He had a place called the Hermitage.

I have heard him tell many anecdotes of Sheridan's father, with whom he was acquainted. Henderson, the actor, was the partner of old Sheridan, when he gave public Lectures on Elocution and Declamation in Soho: he was very much distressed in his finances, and resorted to those means for his support. It was therefore no matter of surprise that the son should owe every thing to himself at his first onset in life, and latterly that he should owe to every body else. Burke owed more to nature and less to himself for his success in life. Sheridan struggled up-hill, but he had the support of Fox: I was never very partial to him, though he courted my society much through his wife. Under pretence of writing an Epilogue for my play in three acts, of "The Miniature Picture,"

which was first performed at the Town Hall at Newbury, for the benefit of the poor, he borrowed it of me, and brought it out against my will at Drury Lane, where it was acted for three nights: yet, enraged as I was, by the persuasion of Lord Orford and the Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Aylesbury, in whose box I sat, I went to its last representation. I was very angry with him for it, and kept up my resentment, till he made me laugh, one night, in a crowd coming out of the Opera House. We were squeezed near one another by chance, and he said, "For God's sake, Lady Craven, don't tell any body I am a thief, for you know very well, if you do, every body will believe it!"

At the Duke of Portland's installation at Oxford, Sheridan was refused academical honours, (although every interest was used with the University,) because he had been upon the stage. That learned body could not be induced to deviate from their laws, however great the talents of the man who was desirous of

obtaining a degree. Burke was admitted by them at that time.

It was curious, at that period, to hear the virulent declamation of Doctor Crowe, the Public Orator, in his speech on the occasion against the unfortunate Mr. Hastings, who was declared to be unworthy of the dignities which he was ambitious of procuring. Every invective that could be devised was made use of. But how was the language of the same Orator altered, when, at the installation of Lord Grenville, Mr. Hastings was admitted to the degree of LL. B.! The hearers might have imagined that the whole character of the candidate had been changed, so great were the encomiums passed upon his merits. Perhaps the Doctor was influenced, not by party, but by a wish to show the versatility of his talents.

Sheridan's talents, which might perhaps be considered as superior to those of most of his contemporaries, from the variety of his acquirements, did not at first engage the attention of

the House of Commons so much as might be expected. Although, on his first appearance in political life, he displayed the greatest talents as a speaker, yet he met with many impediments to prevent his progress. Mr. Pitt opposed him in his first attempt; but he soon began to triumph by wit and argument.

The versatility of his character was surprising, and his resources in difficulties perhaps unparalleled. In the midst of his distresses, he had one day invited a party of friends to dine with him, amongst whom were a few noblemen of the Opposition party; but, upon examining his cellar, a terrible deficiency was found. He was largely in debt to Chalier, the great wine-merchant, and for two years had been unable to obtain from him any farther credit. He put his imagination to work, and tried the following expedient:— He sent for Chalier on the day of the dinner in question, and told him, that luckily he was just in cash, and had desired to settle his account. Chalier was much pleased; but told him, as

he had it not about him, he would return home and bring it with him. He was about to leave the room, when, as if upon a sudden recollection, Sheridan said, "Oh! Chalier, by the by, you must stop and dine with me to-day; I have a party to whom I will introduce you,—some leading members of both Houses." Chalier, who was fond of great company, and also hoped to meet with a recommendation, was obliged to Sheridan for the offer, and promised to be with him at the hour of dinner. Upon his return home, he informed the clerk of his cellars, that he was going to dine with Mr. Sheridan, and probably should not be home till it was late. Sheridan had fixed the hour at six to Chalier, but desired him to come before that time, as he had much to say to him in private. At about five o'clock Chalier came to his appointment; and he was no sooner in the house, than Sheridan sent off a servant with a note to the clerk, desiring him, as Mr. Chalier was favouring him with his company, to send

as soon as possible three dozen of Burgundy, two dozen of claret, and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock. The clerk, knowing that his master was really at Sheridan's, and thinking that the order came with his concurrence, immediately obeyed it. After dinner, every body praised the fine qualities of Sheridan's wines, and all were desirous of knowing who was his wine-merchant. Sheridan, turning towards Chalier, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all the wine you have tasted, and am always proud to recommend him." Next morning Chalier discovered the trick, but I never heard whether he admired the adroitness of his customer.

Lord Loughborough, whom I have mentioned before as having assisted me with his advice respecting Lord Craven, at all times gave me proofs of his regard: he was a man of a temper very different from that of his predecessor in office; his eloquence was great, and his disposition more pliant. He has been satirized by Churchill as

"Mute at the Bar, but in the Senate loud."

Lord North took him by the hand, and he proved himself one of his able supporters.

My relative, the Duke of Richmond, formed a part of the Opposition: he was indefatigable in business, though not possessed of the highest talents: his person, manners, and address were qualified for the high rank and station in life in which he was born. Upon his resignation of office, he was considered as very hostile to the Court party, and was particularly active in discovering defects, whether in the army, the navy, or the administration. He was descended from the Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress to Charles the Second, who, like Ninon de l'Enclos, retained her charms to a very late period of her life; for, at eighty, she was esteemed as having still some attractions left. Ninon was the founder of that sect of enlightened women, who afterwards became so numerous. She trod a career which none of her contemporaries ventured to traverse: she was admired by the philosophers of the

succeeding century, for her freedom of thought and independence.

Sir William Hamilton's nephew, Mr. Charles Greville, next brother to the Earl of Warwick, possessed, like his uncle, a superior mind, with an elegant taste for the fine arts, but which he had indulged too much for the narrow limits of his fortune. He was so much admired by the King, that when he went to lay down his office of Treasurer of the Household, (a place which was personally in the gift of his Majesty, unconnected with the Ministry,) the King kindly urged him not to take so unnecessary a measure, —nor would his Majesty accept his resignation but with the greatest dissuasion. His high sense of honour was so great, that, although his friends added their persuasions to those of the King, he could not be induced to retain a place, when his sentiments no longer coincided with his duty. He withdrew immediately into private life; and in consequence of this retire-

ment, many of his leisure hours were bestowed upon me.

With that extraordinary character, Mr. Wilkes, I have also frequently been in company. The lively gaiety which played about him, and the urbanity of his manners, formed a singular contrast with his external appearance. After his return from France, and when he had gained his victory over the Ministry, I had many opportunities of seeing him. He was very partial to the society of the female sex; and although considered to be a man of very dissolute habits, preserved uniformly that dignity which his good sense dictated. His conduct, when sent to the Tower in 1763, has been much misrepresented. Mr. Fitzherbert, whom I had long known, was the person to whom he applied, (and who was his most particular friend,) for the best means of obtaining pardon from the throne. On his application, through his recommendation, to the Duke of Grafton, he only received a verbal

answer, informing him that he must apply to Lord Chatham :—when he found that his pardon was only to be obtained with the compromise of his honour, he withdrew ; he had given faith to the promises of a Minister, and he was deceived. He applied to the Duke of Grafton, who had assured him that he should have justice done to him ; but he was referred to Lord Chatham, who was not the ostensible person through whom he could apply for mercy ;—the Duke was first Commissioner of the Treasury, which office always implied first Minister of State. Lord Chatham's office was neither important then, nor responsible.

Mr. Wilkes had always admired that distinguished nobleman, on whom every praise had been lavished—who had been considered by the nation as the saviour of the country ; but, disappointed in what he imagined to find sincere, and bitterly bewailing his discovery, Wilkes declared him to be guided by private ambition, alone; skulking behind the shield of the patriot,

till at length he retired where he knew the confidence of the country could not follow him,—to the retreat where he might, in inglorious ease, bear his blushing honours.

In his powerful language, he declared friendship to be "too pure a pleasure for a mind cankered with ambition, or the love of power and grandeur." Lord Chatham had avowed in Parliament the strongest attachment to Lord Temple, one of the greatest characters our country could ever boast of,—and said he would live and die with his noble brother. He had acknowledged that he had received the greatest obligations from that brother; "Yet," added Wilkes, "what trace of gratitude or affection did he ever show to him in any part of his conduct? On the contrary, did he not declare the most avowed hostility to him afterwards?—I have had," said he, "as warm and express declarations of regard, as could be made by this marble-hearted friend; and Mr. Pitt had, no doubt, his views in flattering me at the time,—on occasions, too, where

indulgence and candour were all I could claim. He even went so far as to flatter me for my poetry more than once,—lines which could never be sufficiently admired, as he said. For those very verses," continued Wilkes, "was I called a blasphemer of my God, at a time when I was absent, and dangerously ill from an affair of honour. The charge, too, he knew was false; for the whole ridicule of those two pieces was confined to certain mysteries, which formerly the unplaced and unpensioned Mr. Pitt did not think himself obliged even to affect to believe. He added another charge equally unjust,—that I was the libeller of my King; though he was sensible that I had never written disrespectfully of my Sovereign, but had only attacked the despotism of his Ministers with the spirit of a good subject and zealous friend of my country. The reason," Wilkes added, "was plain,—he was then beginning to pay homage to the Scottish idol, and I was the most acceptable sacrifice he could make at the shrine of Bute. His

tory could scarcely give so remarkable a change. He was a few years ago the seditious tribune of the people, insulting his Sovereign even in his capital; then the abject deputy of the proud Scot, who he had declared in Parliament wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom. Was it possible, then, for me to write the letter of a suppliant to Lord Chatham? I should have been the first to have pronounced myself unworthy of a pardon, if I could have obtained it on those terms"

Although Wilkes felt that conscious pride made him look down with contempt on a man who could be guilty of this baseness—who could declare in the Lobby that he must be supported, and in the House the same day deserted and reviled him,—yet he would not abstain from doing justice to the Minister. He admitted, that the Premier had served the public on all those occasions where the good of the nation coincided with his own private views. He venerated the memory of the Statesman, and thought it an ho-

nour to have steadily supported an administration the most successful we ever had, and which carried the glory of the nation to the highest pitch in every part of the globe. He found his country in despair,—he strained every nerve against our enemies,—he excited the spirit of the English: but though his plans, when in power, were always great, yet they had been in direct opposition to the declarations of his whole life, when out of power. The invincible bravery of the British army gave success to his plans, though they were the most rash and most extravagant projects.

While on the subject of Mr. Wilkes, I cannot pass over another character whom I well knew in France. All those warriors who had, in the flower of their age, quitted their native country to seek for glory in the New World, had returned to France with the enthusiasm of American liberty. They reappeared at Court with wounds received in the cause of freedom, and wearing on their habits the exterior of re-

publican decoration. The Marquis de la Fayette, who had attached himself to the Americans before the alliance of France with that country; who, with the ardour and prodigality of every strong feeling, but with a mystery and a perseverance incomprehensible at his age, had armed a ship for the cause of the United States—had provided stores and ammunition at an immense expense—and had left his family to embark, without any one of his relatives being acquainted with the secret; La Fayette, who had commanded an army, and who had conquered with it, whom the United States had adopted as a citizen, and whom Washington, during six years, had called his son,—returned to his country filled with the desire of an exotic liberty, which, transplanted into France, had produced fruits totally different from what he intended.

He had in his interior cabinet a pasteboard, contained in a brilliant frame, and divided into two compartments. On the one was the Declaration of the Rights proclaimed by the Anglo-

Americans; the other remained free from writing, ready to receive the same declaration to emanate from France. His intoxication was less surprising than that which he excited. The monarchy had not sufficient power to celebrate, nor sufficient favours to recompense, this youthful champion of republican liberty. The famous battle of Beaugé, in which the Marshal la Fayette had conquered and killed the brother of Henry the Fifth, and preserved the crown for Charles the Seventh, was not more distinguished formerly, than was at that time the battle of Brandiwine; in which his young descendant had led back the Americans to the charge, and had been prostrated at their feet by a shot. From the most elevated ranks to the most simple citizens, each individual disputed who might offer him the most flattering homage, and who could express the most anxious attention. If the Queen submitted to sit for a whole length picture for General Washington, it was at the request of La Fayette. The King raised him

above all his oldest officers on the military list, to give him a rank equal to that which he held in America. Even the Ministers desired to have him as a colleague; and they showed him more esteem as he testified his repugnance to accept a place at Court. His bust was inaugurated in the Hotel de Ville, at Paris. His wife was admitted to an audience of the Grand Chamber, on the same day with the Comte du Nord; and the Advocate General of the House of Peers complimented the spouse of the Marquis de la Fayette, at the same time with the son of the Empress Catherine.—It was, doubtless, the last excess of enthusiasm, as it was the most striking proof of the contagion which threatened, that induced the young and ardent magistracy of the *Enquêtes du Parlement* of Paris, to engage the companion in arms and the cherished disciple of Washington, to become one of their associates. It was evident that steps were taken to create the Marquis de la Fayette an honorary Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris.

Doubtless, the ancient idea of laying aside arms for the gown—the new charm of defending liberty in the Senate on the banks of the Seine, after having fought for it on the sides of the Ohio, were traits worthy a place in a Romance; and La Fayette might not have resisted the temptation, had he not been deterred by the phlegmatic deliberations of the American Congress, to which he had been accustomed, and by the ridicule to which he might be exposed by that body, had he become a member of a Parisian Parliament. He therefore refused their offers; but he connected himself from that time with some of that body, who since have reproached him with less zeal than themselves in the pursuit of their revolutionary career.

France presented all the exterior of prosperity. Rich in its population and its industry, brilliant in arts and sciences, strong in its interior,—every thing previously appeared to proclaim a smiling prospect. But all wise men who

penetrated into the foundation of things, could distinguish in the present movements various sinister presages; acquirements and riches, become more common, led to the approach of equality, which could only be generated in confusion. The taste for arts, for the theatres, for frivolous and licentious reading, becoming more popular, roused in the inferior classes all the pretensions of vanity; and, whilst they gave a polish to manners, they corrupted them. Bold doctrines, by relaxing the bonds of religion and morality, at the same time relaxed the subordination to the laws. The murmuring sounds of impiety were heard, and the neighbouring countries shared in the convulsion: every thing became changed,—ideas and language; religion was called fanaticism,—piety, superstition,—traditions, prejudices,—authority, tyranny,—and obedience, servitude! Never at any other epoch in the world was there a doctrine publicly taught that there was no God, that Providence was only a word, that a state of futurity was a

chimæra, that vice and virtue were human inventions, and religion a mass of puerilities. Thus one generation sowed the seed, and the following reaped the harvest.

Even the Court, the authorities, the rich, the learned, the military, and the church itself, —all ranks of society, were more or less charmed with the desire of innovation; and the Revolution having commenced, what dreadful circumstances followed! A philosopher of the sect of Economists, the Abbé Morellet, who often amused me, and was one of the forty of the French Academy, was at this period in correspondence with a most distinguished Lord. He had never ceased boasting of the Revolution, as the triumph of reason over abuse, and of light over ignorance; but he soon totally changed his style: the poor man was ruined. He used his invectives against the National Assembly, with the tone of a barrister who despaired of his cause. The nobleman ridiculed the Abbé with great ingenuity, and wrote

to console him, by telling him that he was a soldier, wounded in a victorious army. He resembled the Abbé Sièyes, who had been accused of having deceived both parties,—the clergy, who at first considered him as a philosopher under the habit of a priest, and the Palais Royal, who only saw the priest under the mantle of philosophy.

Montesquieu, in a warm panegyric on the English Constitution, has overlooked one particular in which it is superior to every other monarchy; and that is, the frequent opportunities it gives of exerting mental powers and talents. What agitation among the candidates and their electors on the approach of a new Parliament! what freedom of speech is then allowed! Ministers, and their measures laid open to the world!—the nation kept alive and inspired with a vigour of mind that leads to heroism! This government, it is true, generates factions, which sometimes produce revolutions.

As an instance of the humour that sometimes

is met with at a popular election, I remember at the return of the members for the Borough of Reigate in Surry—Yorke and Cocks, the former, at the conclusion, being a great speaker, made a flaming speech to his constituents on the glories of the British Constitution, and how he had always consulted the welfare of the country, and consulted the best means of supporting the measures of Administration, with all the usual consultations on such an occasion. Having finished, Mr. Somers Cocks addressed the voters, and told them that, as a Naval Officer, he was not in the habit of making speeches; but that he trusted he had consulted the welfare of the country as well as his Right Honourable colleague; that he should always consult the interests of his constituents, and that he had been consulting with the waiter, who informed him that dinner would be on the table in less than half an hour. The cheers were unbounded at such gratifying intelligence.

Montesquieu, in his *Grandeur des Romains*,

has observed, that many writers have said a great deal on those factions which destroyed Rome; but they want the penetration to see that those factions were necessary—that they had always subsisted, and ever must have subsisted. It was the grandeur of the State which alone occasioned the evil, and changed into civil wars the tumults of the people.

What must have been the feelings of Louis XVI. when the Duke de Liancourt acquainted him with the total defection of his guards, the taking of the Bastile, the massacres in consequence, and the abandonment of 200,000 men! "It is, then, a revolt?" said the King, after a few moments' silence.—"No, Sire," replied the Duke, "it is a revolution."

The elevation of sentiment that a struggle for liberty implies, is conspicuous in the following incident:—A Corsican being condemned to die for an atrocious crime, his nephew, with deep concern, addressed General Paoli for his pardon; promising that his relations would give to the State a thousand zechins, and furnish

fifty soldiers during the Siege of Furiale, if he would only suffer him to be banished, never to return. Paoli, knowing the virtue of the young man, said to him,—"You are well acquainted with the case: I will consent to a pardon if you can say, as an honest man, that it will be just or honourable for Corsica." The youth, hiding his face, burst into tears, saying,—"I could not have the honour of our country sold for a thousand zechins."

Violent commotions cannot be perpetual; one party prevails, and prosperity follows. Nothing is more animating than success after a violent struggle: a nation in that state resembles a comet, which in passing near the Sun has been much heated, and continues full of motion. Nothing, however, is more fatal to the progress of an art, than a person of a superior genius who damps emulation in others. The celebrated Newton is an instance of this; to whom the decay of mathematical knowledge in England is justly attributed. The observation holds

equally with repect to action. Those actions only that flow from patriotism are deemed grand and heroic; and such actions, above all others, rouse a sense of national spirit. But beware of a Newton in heroism; instead of exciting emulation, he will damp it,—despair of equalling the great men who are the admiration of all, puts an end to emulation. After the illustrious achievements of Miltiades, and after the eminent patriotism of Aristides, we hear no more in Greece of emulation and patriotism. Pericles was a man of parts, but he sacrificed Athens to his ambition.

To what a height was diversity of sentiments carried during the early period of the French Revolution! The Vicomte de Mirabeau was in direct opposition to his brother the Comte: factious as was the one on the side of republicanism, equally violent was the other on the side of monarchy; he was even denounced as a Royalist. The Assembly presented many brothers who sat on opposite sides of the Hall;

among others the Vicomte and the Comte de Beauharnois. It was said with truth at that time, that a country where there were so many *Frères ennemis* might soon expect to become a *Thebaïde.*

Madame de Polignac, of whom I had opportunities of hearing after she had quitted France, at that dreadful period, when I had determined not to remain there to witness those scenes of horror, gave me an account of her separation from that family, to whom she acknowledged her gratitude.

The Queen, informed of all the motions which were going on at the Palais Royal, not only against herself, but against every one whom she honoured with her attachment and confidence, sent for her and the Duke at eight in the evening, and conjured her to save herself and her husband by flight.

This entreaty, which amounted to a command, occasioned a lively sensation. They overlooked their own dangers in those of the

Royal Family, and particularly from their anxiety for the welfare of those children who had been committed to their care. They absolutely refused to leave them; but the Queen, who was aware of the value of those moments, was unalterable, and, with tears, implored them to withdraw, and not to become fruitless victims to their attachment. On the King's entering the apartment at the time, she requested him to aid her in her persuasions. It was at that moment, he said, that he ordered the departure of his relations; and on no account would he listen to a sacrifice of those who were as dear as his nearest connexions. It was on the evening of that day, when Louis had to expose himself to the presence of an infuriated mob. Overwhelmed with troubles of every kind, the Queen, at midnight, sent a billet to the Duchess, in which she bade her the most tender adieu. "*Adieu, la plus tendre des amies! Que ce mot est affreux! mais il est nécessaire. Adieu! je n'ai que la force de vous embrasser.*"

The Duke, the Duchess, Madame Diane de Polignac, and their daughter the Duchess de Guiche, then took the route to Basle, where they safely arrived, though not without risking the greatest dangers. The Count d'Artois, the Dukes D'Angoulême and Berri, his two sons; the three Princes of the house of Condé, the Prince of Condé, the Dukes of Bourbon and D'Enghien, and the Prince of Conti, all quitted the kingdom at this time.

Amongst other ministers, my old and reverend friend, the Marechal de Broglie, at seventy years of age, was reduced to a proscription from the Luxembourg, with a head crowned with laurels acquired in repelling the enemies of France. These illustrious fugitives did not escape without many hazards. The most minute caution was found necessary to be adopted by the Comte d'Artois, in order to conceal his designs. It was feared he would be assassinated. He left at the dawn of day, when the inhabitants of Versailles, no less agitated than those of Paris, were buried

in sleep. A regiment, on which he could depend, escorted his carriages, which were besides accompanied by two pieces of cannon to a certain distance. The Prince of Condé quitted Chantilly, and was near being precipitated into the Oise at the bridge Saint Mayence, where the Duke of Orleans was proprietor of the village. Two men, sent from Paris, intercepted on horseback, at full gallop, the passage of the Prince, and had raised the inhabitants to follow him. Fortunately, the carriages were drawn by powerful horses, and were enabled to pass the bridge before the furious bands had time to arrive, or were able to overtake them.

The Marshal de Castries was amongst the number of those who fled from the capital at that period. Such was his recompense after thirty years of glory!

CHAPTER VIII.

Remarks.—Women.—Female Line of the House of Brunswick.—Peculiar Misfortunes of that Branch.—The Empress Catherine II.—Extraordinary Life of her published in France and suppressed.—The Princess Tarrakanoff, and Alexis Orloff.—Margaret Roper, eldest daughter of the Lord Chancellor More.—Henry VIII.

MUCH has been said on the theme of glory, and many have been the declamations against it. That is natural; it is much more easy to declaim against it than to merit it. Tacitus was more ingenuous; he agrees that it is the last passion with the wise man: many men boast of despising it, and lest they should be doubted, they repeat their contempt; which is one reason why they should not be believed. Every one secretly pretends to it; but one may proclaim

it, whilst another conceals it. One man has vanity in trifles, another possesses pride in great things. Corneille's glory was in his composition of Cinna: a courtier of his age placed *his* glory in the grace of his dancing. Take glory away from man, and every thing changes: the estimation between man and man no longer animates him; he is alone in a multitude. The past is nothing—the present contracts—the future disappears.

That curious writer, Mandeville, who is always entertaining, if he does not instruct, exults in maintaining a proposition seemingly paradoxical, that private vices are public benefits. He proves, indeed, most triumphantly, that theft produced locks and bars, and that war produced swords and guns. But what would have been his triumph, had he discovered that low vices had promoted elevated virtues, and humility glory; and that, if such vices had been eradicated, man would have been a groveling and contemptible being?

A desire of praise is inherent even in savages; witness those of North America, who, upon that account, are fond of dress. I mean the men; for the women, according to all accounts, are such miserable slaves as to have no spirit for ornament.

Barretti, who is an ingenious writer, remarks that almost every nation hates its neighbours, without knowing the reason for such hatred. I once heard a Frenchman declare, that he hated the English, *parcequ'ils versent du beurre fondu sur leur veau roti.* Voltaire said of us, though he did not hate us on that account, that we had but one sauce, and that was melted butter, to every thing. How strong are prejudices!

It is surprising to remark the difference of conduct between young children and some animals. How differently do they display their early feelings, their affections, and their antipathies! A child in arms will avoid the looks of a stranger, and cling to its nurse, terrified at the looks of one whom it is not accustomed to see. On the

contrary, a young puppy will play and gambol around the feet of every one who approaches it. It is singular that man, even in his infancy, should have such inherent sensations!

Aversion may subsist after fear is gone; it is propagated from parents to their children, through an endless succession. Man, of all animals, is, perhaps, the most barbarous; for even animals of prey are innoxious with respect to their kind.

It has repeatedly occurred to me, that a habit of cheerfulness, and kindness of disposition, may be instilled into an infant from almost the period of its birth. As soon as it is conscious of any thing around it, its tender parts make it susceptible of the slightest impressions. When a female is likely to become a mother, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper; and, in particular, to indulge no ideas that are not cheerful, and no sentiments that are not kind. Such is the connexion between the mind and the body, that the features of the face are moulded com-

monly into an expression of the internal disposition; and is it not natural to think that an infant, before it is born, may be affected by the temper of its mother?

I have read in some author, that, in the early period of the Roman empire, children were suckled, not in the hut of a mercenary nurse, but by the chaste mother who bore them. Their education during their nonage was in her hands, and it was her chief care to instil into them every virtuous principle. In her presence, a loose word, or an improper action, was strictly prohibited. She superintended not only their serious studies, but even their amusements, which were conducted with decency and moderation. In that manner the Gracchi, educated by Cornelia, their mother, and Augustus by Attia, his mother, appeared in public with untainted minds; fond of glory, and prepared to make a figure in the world. In an expedition of the illustrious Bertrand du Guesclin, the governor of a town, upon being summoned to

deliver it up, answered that they might be conquered, but would never tamely yield; that their fathers had taught them to prefer a glorious death to a dishonourable life; and that their mothers had educated them in these sentiments, which they were ready to put into practice.

The male and female individual, with regard to the exterior outlines, are very nearly the same: so they are with regard to external figure and interior disposition. Nature, however, intending them for mates, has given them characters different but concordant, so as to produce together perfect and delicious harmony.

The male, naturally more robust, is fitted for severe labour and for field exercises; the female for sedentary occupations, and particularly for nursing children. To that difference the mind also contributes. A boy is always running about, delights in a top or ball, and rides upon a stick, for want of a horse: a girl has less inclination to move; her first amusement is a

baby, which she delights to dress and undress. The man, bold and vigorous, delights, and is qualified, to be a protector; the woman, delicate and timid, requires protection. The man, as a protector, is qualified to govern; the woman, by nature, conscious of inferiority, is disposed to obedience. Their intellectual powers correspond to the destination of nature: men have penetration and solid judgment to fit them for governing; women have sufficient understanding to make a respectable figure under good government;—a greater proportion would excite a dangerous rivalship. There is another grand difference of character: the gentle and insinuating manners of the female sex tend to soften the roughness of the other sex; and wherever women are indulged with any freedom, they polish sooner than man.

These are not the only particulars that distinguish the sexes. With respect to matrimony, it is the privilege of the male, as superior and protector, to make a choice; the female pre-

ferred has no privilege but barely to consent or to refuse. Nature fits them for these different parts; the male is bold, the female bashful. Hence, among all nations, it is the practice for men to court, and for women to be courted; which holds also with many other animals; probably among all that pair.

Another distinction is equally visible. The master of a family is immediately connected with his country; his wife, his children, his servants, are immediately connected with him; and with their country, through him only. Women, accordingly, have less patriotism than men, and less bitterness against the enemies of their country.

Nature has provided the sex with modesty, as their chief defence against the artful solicitations of man; and a woman who surrenders her chastity is universally despised, though in man it is scarcely considered as a virtue.

Through every age and every country we shall find women adored and oppressed. Man,

who never wants an opportunity of abusing his powers, in rendering homage to beauty, has generally prevailed over the weakness of our sex. By turns, he is our tyrant and our slave. Nature, who has formed beings so soft, and endued with such sensibility, seems to have made them to be more occupied with the thought of their beauty than their happiness. Constantly surrounded with hopes and fears, women partake of all the evils of man, and find themselves subjected to ills which are not their own. These are in addition to their own; for can they give life without exposing themselves to the loss of their own? Every revolution which they experience alters their health and threatens their days. Cruel maladies attack their beauty; and when they escape these, time destroys the latter. They then can only hope for protection from the humiliating claim of pity, or from the weak voice of gratitude.

Women, in the very height of their power, experience either indifference or oppression. If

they experience indifference, their pride is roused, and they suffer from the want of attention, and of gratification to their feelings; if they are admired, they suffer from jealousy. When not loved, they are as nothing; when adored, they are tormented. Thus they have to dread equally indifference and love; and, over the greater part of the globe, Nature has placed them between neglect and misfortune.

Even amongst those people where they exercise the greatest empire, there have been found men who have interdicted to them every kind of glory. A celebrated Greek writer has said, that the woman who may be considered as the most virtuous, is she of whom least is said. Thus, in imposing duties on the sex, they are deprived of the public esteem; and while virtues are required of us, it is made a crime for us to aspire to the honour of possessing them. If we have a claim to virtues like men, surely we have the right to claim the merit of them? Our duties are different from those of men; but when

they are fulfilled, they make man's happiness, and the charm of his life. We cultivate in man that sensibility which softens his nature. We possess courage as well as men; but being of weaker materials, we have more to overcome.

Nature tries us by pain; laws and customs by constraint; and virtue by conflicts.

In society, women, constantly occupied in observing, from the double interest of extending and preserving their empire, ought to have a perfect knowledge of men. They must be able to unfold the webs of self-love, of concealed weakness, of false modesty: they must discover what a man is, and what he would be thought; the qualities which he displays, and those which he conceals. A woman must distinguish characters, sentiments, and all their shades. Plutarch says, in some place, that there is not so great a difference to be found between beast and beast, as between man and man. He speaks of the force of soul, and of the internal qualities.

I have observed so vast a difference between one man and another, that I should feel inclined to go farther than Plutarch, and say, that there is a greater difference between such a man and another, than there is between that man and a beast. I suppose, the reason why the Poets feigned Jupiter to assume so many different forms, when he wished to obtain the objects of his desire, was, to disguise from our sex the true features of his countenance.

I have heard it remarked that society, for women, is like a pianoforte, the touches of which every woman ought to know. They are prepared beforehand for the sounds which they know will be produced. But men, free and impetuous, and supplying address with force, and consequently having less interest to observe,—enticed by the energy of constant action, have not such need of those little moral distinctions.

Many women have been placed on a throne, and reigned with dignity, displaying a force of mind equal to that of the greatest sovereigns. Eliza-

beth of England, Christina of Sweden, and Isabella of Castile, have merited the esteem of their age and of posterity. But it must be allowed that women are seldom called into action, and that their talents must necessarily be dormant for want of exertion. It is a subject of much regret, that the great soul of Elizabeth should have been overpowered by the weakness of her sex. Had Mary Stuart been less beautiful, her rival perhaps had been less barbarous. The taste for coquetry gave Elizabeth her favourites, whom she treated more as a woman than a sovereign. She imagined that the art of pleasing her was a proof of genius and abilities.

This great Queen, so famous on many accounts, governed the English with an arbitrary power. In general, women on a throne are rather disposed to despotism, and are indignant at restraint. That sex, to which Nature has given the greater powers, where it assigned the greatest need of them, has a certain confidence in itself. But the weakness of the female sex

feels astonished at the power it possesses, and diffuses the effects of that power all around it, to satisfy itself of the possession of it. Great men have probably that kind of despotism which attaches to high ideas; and women who are not of the ordinary class, have that kind of despotic power which attaches to the passions, —a sally of the soul rather than the result of a system.

Another circumstance favours despotic power in women who govern: it is, that men confound in them the empire of their sex with that of their rank. What might be refused to grandeur may be allowed to beauty. Although their power be arbitrary, they seldom are cruel: they possess a despotism of caprice rather than of oppression. There are, however, exceptions. Catherine of Russia obtained and possessed the crown by means at which the soul revolts, although she has had her defenders.

Descartes, oppressed by envy, but admired by two princesses, boasted of the philosophic

minds of women. I am not conscious whether his gratitude was increased by the homage due to beauty. Without doubt, he found in Elizabeth and Christina that docility, which is gratifying in those who listen to the observations of a great man, and which appears to associate itself with his genius in following the train of his ideas.

In women, imagination seems to have a great power. It has been observed, that that of women has something in it singular and extraordinary. Every thing strikes; every thing with them is represented with vivacity: their senses run over every object, and retain the image. Some unknown force, some secret powerful connexion, transmits itself and conveys back the impressions. The real world does not suffice for them; they love to create an imaginary one, which they are desirous of inhabiting and embellishing.

Of all passions, love, without contradiction, is that which women feel and express the most. Other passions they experience but feebly and

by starts; *this* belongs to them: it is their own peculiar offspring—it is the charm and interest of their lives—it is their soul itself. But could they, as the author of *Phèdre* and *Andromaque*, or as that of *Zaïre*, has represented, express the transports of a troubled soul in the fury of love, which, sometimes impetuous, sometimes tender, softens, and irritates, and sheds blood, and then sacrifices itself? Could they delineate its returns, its tempests, and its wildness? Certainly not; and it is nature itself which prevents them. For nature has bestowed on one of these sexes the boldness of desire, and the right of attack; and on the other, a habit of defence, and that timidity which attracts by resistance. Love in the one case is a conquest, and in the other a sacrifice.

In every age, and in every country, women in general know how to display a sentiment of a tender and delicate nature, rather than a passion violent and terrible. Obliged by their duties, by their reserve to the other sex, by the desire

of a certain grace which softens every thing, to conceal a portion of their sentiments, they must necessarily be weakened by degrees, and possess less energy than men, who, always audacious and extreme with impunity, give to their passions a degree of force at pleasure, and fortify themselves whilst they develope them. A restraint with them sets fire to their passions; a lasting restraint extinguishes them.

Yet, in the time of the Crusades, animated by the enthusiasm of religion and valour, what exploits did not women perform in the fields of battle, where they died by the side of their husbands with their arms in their hands! In Europe, women attacked and defended places; Princesses commanded armies, and gained victories. Such was the celebrated Jeanne de Montfort, disputing her Duchy of Britany. Such was Margaret of Anjou, active and intrepid, a soldier and a general, whose genius long sustained a feeble husband; who caused

him to conquer, and who replaced him on the throne; twice relieved him from his chains, and, oppressed by fortune and rebellion, did not yield till after having, in person, been present at twelve different engagements.

This military spirit among women lasted above four hundred years, in those barbarous times when all is storm, because nothing is in order, and where all excesses are those of power. If we go back to more ancient times, let us recollect the famous Zenobia, worthy of her master Longinus; a Princess who knew how to write as well as conquer; who was unhappy in the end of her life with dignity; who consoled herself for the loss of a throne by the sweets of retreat, and forgot the pleasures of grandeur in those of the mind.

There has been a peculiar singularity in the fate of the unfortunate female line of Brunswick. Charlotte Christina, of that House, was married to the Czarowitz Alexis, only son of

Peter the Great, in 1711. She was good and beautiful, but fell a victim to the barbarity of her ferocious husband: she died in childbed, at Petersburgh, in 1715. The next was Sophia of Brunswick Zell, wife of George the First; who was confined for forty years, and died in 1726, at the sequestered seat of Ahlden, in the Electorate of Hanover. It was alleged against her that she had intrigued (though the fact was never proved) with the celebrated Count Konigsmark. It was also reported that she acted in privity with her mother, the Duchess of Zell. Konigsmark was by birth a Swede, and was well known throughout all the Courts of Europe: he had quitted that Princess's apartment previously to her separation from her children and her friends, and was assassinated by ruffians as he descended the stairs.

Augusta Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, perished in a very mysterious manner. She was born in 1764; and before the age of sixteen was mar-

ried to the King, then Prince of Wirtemberg. She was very fair, with light hair, and possessed an interesting figure. She accompanied her husband into Russia, where he entered into the military service; they resided at Petersburgh, and other parts, till the Prince left the dominions, having, as he asserted, cause to complain of his wife's conduct, which induced him to leave her behind. They had then three children, and these were permitted to accompany him, he having obtained the Empress's leave for that purpose; but the care of the Princess was entrusted to the Empress herself, who took her under her immediate protection. At the end of two years, it was made known to the Prince, as well as to the Duke of Brunswick, that the wife of the one and daughter of the other was no more. Her father, the Duke, demanded immediately that the body should be given up to him; but this request was never granted, nor did he receive any authentic proofs of her decease, or the

circumstances attending it. Doubts were even entertained whether she was not still alive and existing in the Deserts of Siberia, among the other victims banished by the Empress.

Elizabeth of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, married in 1765 to the late King of Prussia, then Prince Royal, was divorced for irregularity of conduct, and confined at Stettin, four years after her marriage; she was seen by many of the English in 1774, and was supposed to survive, forgotten and unknown, in some part of the Prussian dominions, after having been a witness to the temporary subversion of her own House by Bonaparte.

Caroline Matilda of Brunswick Lunenburgh, posthumous daughter of Frederic late Prince of Wales, and sister of his late Majesty King George the Third, was banished from Denmark, by means of the Revolution in 1772, effected by Christian VII., her weak and powerless husband. She survived only three years—terminating her

short career in the very prime of life, at Zell, in 1775.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of his present Majesty King George IV., the hope of that nation in which she was born and educated, possessed of every virtue and accomplishment which might realize the hopes of her country, was prematurely carried to the grave, having died in childbirth, without leaving the pledge alive which was so fondly and anxiously expected.

Caroline of Brunswick, wife to his present Majesty, closes the dismal scene.

In the account of the history of the Princess of Wirtemberg, it might be natural to inquire, what motives the Empress had to imprison or to put an end to the life of that Princess? Was the Prince privy to the intentions of Catherine when he left his wife in her charge? In the case of Peter the Third, husband to that Empress, and of the unfortunate Iwan, who was put to death; as also in that of the Princess

of Tarrakanoff,—the motives for the commission of such a crime are obvious.

Some few years since there was a Life of the Empress Catherine II. published in France, which detailed at full length all the secret intrigues, the crimes and enormities, of that formidable woman. So great an excitement did this work produce, that the Empress, at an enormous price, bought up all the copies she could procure; but unfortunately some escaped, and were afterwards published in London. They are now, however, not to be obtained, as in all probability they shared the same fate as those produced in France. I have always understood that the facts there related may be relied upon; for the Margrave was well acquainted with the authenticity of the greater part.

The Princess Tarrakanoff and two brothers were the fruit of a union between the Empress Elizabeth and Field Marshal Razumoffsky. One of the brothers died at Petersburgh, in

a dreadful manner, by placing upon a furnace a vessel filled with poison, which accidentally broke and suffocated him: he had a great taste for chemistry. Prince Radzivil, who was acquainted with the secret of the birth of the Princess in question, and irritated that Catherine should trample the rights of the Poles under her feet, conceived that the daughter of Elizabeth would furnish him with the means of revenge. To effect his purpose, he gained over the persons who were entrusted with the care of the Princess's education, carried her off, and conveyed her to Rome. The Empress, immediately upon being informed of this scheme, seized the estate of Radzivil, and he was reduced to the necessity of living on the produce of his diamonds and other valuables which he carried with him into Italy. These resources were soon exhausted, and he set out for Poland to obtain fresh supplies, leaving the Princess Tarrakanoff at Rome, under the sole care of a *gouvernante*, and in circumstances ex-

tremely limited. He had scarcely entered his own country, when a restitution of his estates was offered to him, on condition that he would bring the young Princess into Russia. He refused submission to such an unworthy proposal; but had the weakness to promise that he would concern himself no farther about the daughter of Elizabeth,—and at this price he purchased a pardon.

Alexis Orloff, charged with the execution of the Empress's orders, seized the first moment to lay a snare for the Princess. An intriguer (so common in Italy) of the name of Ribas, a Neapolitan, repaired immediately to Rome, and having discovered the lodgings of the young Russian Princess, introduced himself into her presence, under the name and character of a military officer. He told the Princess that he was induced to wait upon her by the desire of paying homage to his countrywoman, and to one in whose fate he felt so highly interested; he appeared to be much affected at the destitute

situation in which he found her, offered her assistance, which necessity obliged her to accept, and the perfidious traitor soon appeared to this unfortunate female, as well as to the woman who attended her person, in the light of a saviour sent from Heaven.

When he thought himself sufficiently possessed of their confidence, he declared he was commissioned by Count Alexis Orloff to offer to the daughter of Elizabeth the throne that her mother had filled. He told her that the Russians were discontented with Catherine; that Orloff, in particular, could not pardon her ingratitude and tyranny; and that if the young Princess were willing to accept the services of that General, and reward his zeal by the farther acceptance of his hand, she would soon witness the commencement of a revolution which he had prepared.

Such brilliant proposals ought to have opened the eyes of the Princess to the perfidy of their author; but her inexperience and candour pre-

vented a suspicion of the criminal's infidelity, and the language of Orloff's emissary seemed analogous to the ideas which she had received from Radzivil.

She imagined herself destined for a throne, and every dream that bore a relation to that presupposed opinion flattered her fond but delusive hopes.

Soon after this, Orloff came to Rome: his emissary had announced his arrival; he was received as a welcome benefactor. The Princess was cautioned by some persons, to whom she communicated her happiness, to beware of the designs of a man whose abandoned character, and whose fidelity to his Empress, from interested motives, would prevent him from conspiring against her safety.

Far from profiting by these salutary counsels, the Princess, with great imprudence, spoke of them to Orloff, who immediately assumed greater apparent candour, with deeper dissimulation. Not content with flattering the ambi-

tion of the young Russian Princess, he feigned an affection for her, and inspired the artless female with a real passion for him.

As soon as he was assured of this, he entreated her to unite herself with him in the most sacred bonds of conjugal felicity. To this request she unfortunately gave her consent, and it was with feelings of joy that she promised to contract a marriage, which, in the event, was to consummate her ruin. She supposed that the title of wife to Alexis Orloff would afford her invincible protection. She did not know that the man who had strangled the unfortunate Peter III., after having first given him poison, would not hesitate to dishonour and destroy the daughter of Elizabeth.

Under pretence of solemnizing the marriage according to the rites of the Greek Church, he ordered subaltern accomplices in villainy to disguise themselves in the habits of priests and lawyers. Thus was profanation united to imposture, and both directed against the unfor-

tunate, unprotected, and too confident Tarrakanoff.

When Orloff had become the fictitious husband, but the real ravisher, he represented to the Princess, that by staying at Rome she would be too much exposed to observation, and that it would be more prudent to remove to some other city of Italy the moment that the conspiracy should be ripe to call her to the throne. He persuaded her then to go with him to Pisa, where he had procured, some time before, a magnificent palace. There he treated her with marks of the greatest respect and tenderness; but permitted no one to approach her person except those whom he had secured,—and when she appeared in public, he always accompanied her himself.

A Russian squadron had just entered Leghorn: upon hearing the news, Orloff related it to the Princess, and as he said it was necessary that he should repair thither to give orders, he offered to take her with him.

She set out from Pisa, with her usual attendants, and on her arrival met with a most gratifying reception. She was presently surrounded by a numerous Court: when walking abroad, the people thronged in her way, and inspired a fatal security in the midst of imminent danger.

The confiding Princess, far from harbouring a suspicion of her danger, after having spent several days in the rounds of amusement and dissipation, entreated Orloff for permission to visit the Russian squadron. The idea was applauded: orders were immediately given for her reception. She was received with all the honours due to the highest rank; but scarcely had she entered the ship, when her hands were loaded with chains! In vain did this helpless and innocent female implore pity from the heart of the callous wretch who had betrayed her, and whom she still called by the name of husband,—in vain did she cast herself at his feet and bedew them with her tears. The barbarian did not deign to reply: she was carried

down the hold,—the ship sailed, and arrived with the victim at St. Petersburgh. She was then shut up in a fortress, and treated with the greatest asperity. Six years afterwards the waters of the Neva terminated her misfortunes: she was drowned in prison!

If any one is conversant with the writings of Boccaccio, who composed, in honour of our sex, a history of illustrious women, he will there find, from the fables of antiquity, from the Grecian and Roman history, and the Sacred history also, a complete panegyric on the virtues of the sex. So devoted was this Author to the subject, that he even vindicates Dido against the attacks of Virgil, and maintains her honour with a grave and serious tone; and what is most surprising, even here the morality of Boccaccio himself is austere.

No character, in ancient or modern history, has been more justly extolled for learning, virtue, and affection, than the eldest daughter of the unfortunate Lord Chancellor More, who was beheaded in the sanguinary reign of Henry VIII.

This exemplary pattern of filial affection was his eldest daughter, married to Mr. Roper, whose descendants have long been intimately known to me, and resided at Brandenburgh House. The present Lord Teynham is the head of the family.

When Henry had resolved to espouse Anne Boleyn, the Chancellor, whose conscience could not sanction a divorce, resigned his seals of office; and, as he would not consent to the measures proposed by the King, was condemned on frivolous pretences, and sentenced to lose his head. This innocent victim, before his trial, lay fifteen months in prison. It was here that he experienced the most attentive proofs of the affection of his favourite daughter, who, after having rendered him the most tender attentions and consolation, was herself accused, and made a prisoner, for having preserved the head of her father after his death, and taken charge of his books and writings. She appeared before her judges with intrepidity, justified herself with the

eloquence of distressed virtue, which impressed both respect and admiration for her misfortunes; and such was the effect which her character inspired, that she was permitted, even in those turbulent times, to pass the remainder of her days in retreat, in grief, and in study.

In the Chancellor's way to the Tower, thinking it would be the last time she should ever behold him, she had waited there to see him. As soon as he appeared in sight, she burst through the throng and guard that surrounded him; and having received his blessing on her knees, she embraced him eagerly before them, and amidst a flood of tears, and a thousand kisses of tenderness and affection, her heart being ready to break with grief, the only words that she could utter were, "My father! Oh, my father!" If any thing could have shaken his fortitude, it must have been this scene. But he took her in his arms, and told her, that whatever he should suffer, though he was innocent, it was not without the will of God, to

whose blessed pleasure she should conform her own will; that she knew well the secret movements of his heart, and that she must be patient under his loss.

After this exhortation, she parted from him; but scarcely had she turned aside, before her passion of love and grief became irresistible, and she again burst suddenly through the crowd, ran eagerly to him a second time, took him round the neck, and hung upon him with her embraces, ready to expire with sorrow and despair. This was too much for man to bear, and though he uttered not a word, the tears flowed down his cheeks in great abundance, till she took her last kiss and left him. In this tender moment his fortitude forsook him. It was a scene which did him honour.

Here was a daughter of very extraordinary accomplishments, by nature and education modest in the highest degree, who, without care of her person, or any consideration of her sex, moved by the deepest sorrow and affection for

a father, surmounted every obstacle of fear, of danger, and of difficulty, to see him, in the most passionate and heart-distracting situation. It was impossible for humanity to be unmoved at such a scene.

If a few silent tears, in such a moment, owing to the tenderness of nature in a parent's breast, were all the signs of dejection which Sir Thomas More showed at a fate so deplorable, and yet so unmerited—and it is certain that these were all, from the time of his commitment to the last minute of his life—then he instructed the world as well by this circumstance of his leaving it, as by the whole preceding course of his existence.

Henry VIII., struck with the charms of Jane Seymour, felt his senses overpowered: the desire of possessing her without constraint followed this emotion, but his ties with Anne Boleyn opposed his union with this new mistress. This obstacle, in a heart proud and jealous of its own power, created from a simple sensation an invincible passion. The Prince was violent and

despotic; it was necessary that every thing should give way to his will. Love, as a physical passion, was without doubt the first cause of all the excesses of which Henry was guilty; but it was the moral feeling which made him barbarous and unjust. It was the wandering of his imagination to which he abandoned himself: it was that which painted to him, in the most lively and seductive colours, the happy love he was to enjoy; which produced in his heart unbounded desires, inflamed by vanity, at the sacrifice of every principle

CHAPTER IX.

Love and Jealousy.—The Constable Bourbon.—Thoughts on Ambition.—Richelieu.—Retz and Pitt.—Dundas.—Lord North.—His present Majesty George IV.

It is on the imagination that the happiness or the misery of mortals depends. Unhappy that we are, we deliver ourselves up to the most bitter of our enemies, when we abandon ourselves to this chimera! It is imagination alone which cherishes and foments the fire of our passions, which fixes and rivets our chains, which spreads flowers on the precipices that surround us, in order to conceal from us their danger. If love is indebted to the imagination for all its charms, it owes to it, also, all its misfortunes, its jealousies, its fury, and its torment.

If love can carry us to the greatest excesses, when the imagination is heated, what power does it not exercise when it meets with resistance on the part of the beloved object? The stings of jealousy then tear the sensibility of the heart.

La Bruyère says, in speaking of this passion, *que l'on veut faire tout le bonheur, ou si cela ne se peut ainsi, tout le malheur de ce qu'on aime.* The effects of the most inveterate hatred are nothing compared with those of jealousy: history is filled with the disorders it has produced, and the cruelties it has caused. It is a matter of surprise how a sentiment, so soft and tender to all appearance, as that of love, should be productive of crimes the most atrocious. There are but too many examples of it. The inhuman monster, Philip II. of Spain, is perhaps one of the most striking. False, perfidious, and cruel, his character was affected by every base passion, and incapable of any tender feeling; he only experienced from love those odious impressions

which render it a thousand times more implacable than hatred.

Love despised excites in men the highest indignation; in women it amounts to fury. Louisa of Savoy, mother of Francis I. and Regent of the Kingdom of France, exhibited this violence towards the unhappy Constable de Bourbon. This Princess, who was no longer young, but in whom age had not yet extinguished the flames of love, was touched by the graces and merit of this celebrated man, esteemed by all for his virtues, his talents, and his courage. She imagined that the offer of her hand would flatter his ambition: but he refused her. The Princess, outraged at such an affront from a man who, notwithstanding his birth, his dignity, and great reputation, she supposed would feel honoured at her alliance, swore to be revenged on him, and to pursue her resentment to his grave.

She commenced by a process against his property on frivolous grounds; during which she

obtained a decree from her Chancellor, a man devoted to her service, to place his goods under sequestration till judgement should be decided. She flattered herself that the Constable, finding himself deprived of the means of resistance, would yield to her desires:—a strange manner of making herself beloved, and which, in fact, increased the aversion of the Constable.

She succeeded, however, in despoiling him of his dignities and possessions, and inflamed the mind of the King against him. Seeing himself without resource, without credit, and without power, and finding enemies raised against him on all sides, the Constable was roused by despair to accept propositions made to him by the enemies of his country. He accepted the terms; and joining the Emperor, carried war into the heart of the kingdom of which he was a subject.

This revolt produced the most fatal consequences. All the talents which he possessed for war acquired a new degree of superiority by

the desire of revenge: this desire, aided by the love of self-preservation, animated his courage, and made him perform prodigies of valour. The too great bravery of Francis exposed him to the greatest risks, and left France, after the battle of Pavia, with the loss of the flower of her nobility, and without a King. Thus the unbridled love of a revengeful Princess produced disasters which were not to be repaired, and which in the end were experienced by a whole nation.

Of all the passions which have engaged the soul of man, none has been more fatal in its effects than ambition. To give a picture of ambition, would be to describe a history of all the crimes which have disgraced mankind. This passion, so celebrated through all ages as the most noble of its kind, as the only one deserving a hero; which has a thousand times changed the whole face of the universe; to which the greatest honours have been decreed; for which incense has smoked upon altars; for which the most sublime poetry has been sung;

and for which Phidias and Praxiteles have immortalized their names;—this passion has produced more tigers stained with blood, more slaves degraded by cruelties, more illustrious assassins, than any other scourge that has afflicted or devastated the globe. Success, age, time, the universal destroyer, only contribute to promote ambition; and death is the sole termination of the projects of the ambitious man.

Solely delivered up to this passion was the Cardinal Richelieu, who for a time governed France and the whole of Europe. Friendship, that tie so dear in virtuous minds, had no effect upon his heart: if ever he profaned the name of friend, it was to turn men to his purposes. Those who were capable of putting a stop to his power, or of partaking his favour, became the victims of his jealousy or of his vengeance. All the secondary passions, which are only branches of this first, united to lend his ambition the resource of their art. Love itself had on him only a momentary effect, and never inter-

fered to make him deviate from his projects: as a skilful politician, he even employed it to second his designs. Vanity alone did not resign her empire over him: this passion, which ought only to be the appendage of the weaker sex, was, however, to be found in one of the greatest men that France ever produced. Pretensions to a fine genius, to the sweets of conversation, to the graces of figure, were found in that individual so vast and so profound, who had schemes the most sublime, and policy the most refined.

Born with talents to govern a nation, he received as much pleasure in the success of one of his own madrigals, as he could derive from that of the most important negotiation. Greedy in the pursuit of glory and reputation, he was the general of an army, a theologian, a politician, a poet, a minister, a man of the world, a *bel esprit*, and a gallant; he embraced every thing, and his boundless ambition did not permit him to neglect any means which might render him as celebrated as he was powerful.

His whole life was a tissue of intrigues without interruption. No politician ever carried the art of dissimulation so far as Richelieu. Falsehood, which in general is a defensive weapon in the hands of the weak, was in Richelieu an instrument of offence, with which he used to deceive his observers, to betray his rivals, and to revenge himself on his enemies. He employed it to seduce his mistresses, and to subjugate the great and attach them to his train. His feigned attachment to the Queen Mother had acquired him that of this Princess and her favourites, which he soon experienced, by his admission into the Council, after having been previously named to a bishopric; and he was soon after made Secretary of State.

This step, so flattering to the mind of an ambitious man of ardent imagination, was like the Aurora of a fine day before the bursting of an unforeseen storm. The clouds had already collected, and were the presage of a violent tempest. He procured the exile of the Queen

Mother, and after her that of her favourite. Having lost his protectress, he instantly fell in the eyes of the courtiers, and even in those of the persons who had raised him to his summit.

Wandering at length from city to city, his diocese even not offering him an asylum in his misfortunes, he was at length compelled to quit the kingdom. What a fall after such a brilliant career! What an example of ambition! What a phantom of vain grandeur!

Walstein was another character marked solely by ambition. With a great and powerful mind, and a disposition inimical to repose; a body vigorous, and a countenance majestic; naturally sober, watchful, and despising danger, avoiding delicacies, and accustomed to temperance; speaking little, but thinking much; proud and aspiring without measure; envious, jealous, and implacable; cruel, revengeful, and ostentatious;—he was formed by nature for ambition. Having neither principles nor religion, he could adapt himself to all: adroit in conceal-

ing his thoughts from others, he penetrated into their's; and having studied mankind with diligence, and the maxims of those who had arrived at command, he despised those who were content with mediocrity. Having reached that point of grandeur, where crowns only were above him, he had the boldness to attempt to usurp that of Bohemia from the Emperor; and though he knew that this design was pregnant with perfidy and peril, he despised the danger he had surmounted, and thought all means honourable to preserve himself, and to attain the object of this ambition.

When we have arrived at the summit of vain ambition, we are on the brink of real misery; we have towered so high, that there is nothing left to hope, and every thing to fear.

Hyder Ally, who, like Bonaparte, had raised himself from the rank of a military officer (in the service of the Rajah of Mysore), was observed by one of his most familiar friends to start frequently in his sleep; and was asked by

him, of what he had been dreaming? "My friend," replied Hyder, "the beggar, in his humble state, is more to be envied than myself in all the splendour of monarchy. Awake, he sees no conspirators; and asleep, dreams of no assassins."

When Charles I. was brought to trial, Cromwell, feeling how much he had to risk if the King were not condemned, said to his confidential friends, "This is a case where either the King's head or mine is concerned; how then can I hesitate?" This is the language of every ambitious man, when he finds himself placed in a situation dangerous to virtue. At first he may be timid, the idea of crime may appear to alarm him; but soon the intrigue in which he is rashly engaged drags him on in spite of himself: the path of vice is before his eyes, and he must rush on.

When the Emperor Charles V. had satiated his ambition, he retired into solitude. It has been said by some writer, that he who retires

into solitude must be either a beast or an angel: the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited. The discontented being who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and has not known how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind; spleen takes possession of him; not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards the world with detestation, and, commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

The Cardinal de Retz's retreat from the world was perhaps the most brilliant, and at the same time the most mistaken act of his life,—it was a sacrifice which he made to his pride, under the pretext of devotion: he quitted the Court where he could not attach himself, and seceded from the world which had withdrawn itself from him. De Retz was a singular contrast to most men who were raised to great eminence. His natural taste was indolence; but he nevertheless proceeded with activity in affairs which pressed: he reposed with indifference when they were

concluded. He possessed great presence of mind, and understood so well how to turn to advantage the opportunities which fortune offered him, that he appeared to have either foreseen or desired them. He loved to harangue and to relate, and frequently dazzled those who listened to him by his extraordinary adventures; and his imagination was often more to be depended on than his memory. The greater part of his qualities were defective; and what most contributed to his reputation, was his skill in giving a good appearance to his defects. He was insensible alike to friendship and to hatred, although he appeared to be affected by both. He was incapable of giving way to envy or avarice, either from virtue, or from want of application. He borrowed more from his friends than any individual could possibly expect to restore. His vanity was excited at finding he possessed so much credit. He had neither taste nor delicacy; he was amused with every thing, and pleased with nothing; but he had the

address to prevent the world from discovering that his knowledge was only superficial. He appeared to be ambitious, without being really so. Vanity made him undertake great things, all in opposition to his profession; he caused the greatest disorders in the State, without a design of taking advantage of them.

Ambition was the reigning passion of the late Mr. Pitt: the great talents which he inherited from his father, combined with the high station which the latter had occupied, gave him a sort of claim to public attention. I reckoned him among the number of my friends, and had many opportunities of seeing him in private life; for I have been frequently honoured with his society. His want of economy was, like that of the Earl of Chatham, constitutional. In early life, his private property did not amount to more than five thousand pounds; and being a younger son, his inheritance was thus small. Though he was strongly urged by Lord Thur-

low to confer upon himself the Clerkship of the Pells, which became vacant on the death of Sir Edward Walpole, and which situation would have made him independent for life, (and though such a remuneration would have met with general satisfaction,) yet he resolutely refused; although he possibly might not have retained his official employments for a month.

When he first became Minister, his sister, Lady Harriet, resided with him in his establishment in Downing-street, which she superintended. As long as she continued her control over his domestic affairs, they were conducted with proper care and economy; for she possessed that quality which was deficient in her brother. After he had been in power two years, she married Mr. Eliot, who succeeded to his father's title of Lord Eliot on his death. In consequence of this marriage, Mr. Pitt lost his female financier, and his affairs became so much embarrassed, that even tradesmen's bills were unpaid, and there was more difficulty in collecting taxes

from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had imposed them, than perhaps from any other subject in the dominions.

On the death of the Earl of Guildford, Mr. Pitt ventured to solicit from the King the place of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports: which was instantly conferred upon him, although previously promised to the late Duke of Dorset. On taking possession of it, he dissipated so much in alterations and embellishments at Walmer Castle, to which place he was very much attached, that he soon found his difficulties increase. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that after enjoying so many dignities, during a period of nineteen years, he should leave the world oppressed with debts.

His mind was superior to base artifices, and no bribe could have tempted him to a dereliction of duty or principle. I have heard him say, that Sir Robert Walpole refused the sum of sixty thousand pounds which was privately offered him to save the life of the Earl of Der-

wentwater; and a similar feeling must have actuated *him* through his whole career.

When a man has displayed talents in some particular path, and left all competitors behind him, mankind are apt to give him credit for an universality of genius, and to anticipate success from him in all that he undertakes. Mr. Pitt did not possess all the finer gifts of nature; he was below Mr. Fox in this respect. He had a most comprehensive mind, but it was not so diversified as that of his rival. He differed as much in the interior as in the exterior: he found it difficult to lay aside that dignity which always accompanied him; and was infinitely inferior in urbanity of manners to Fox, who ingratiated himself with all who knew him. Cicero failed in poetry, and Addison in oratory, but they possessed great geniuses. Pitt's soul was absorbed in business, and he had neither time nor inclination for the Fine Arts.

I have been credibly informed, that when Mr. Pitt first became a member of the House of

Commons, he was advised, during the strong debates on the American war, in which he lavished his charges against the ministry, to refrain from offering, in the remotest degree, any allusion to the exalted personage into whose favour he was destined and determined to ingratiate himself. When Lord North was removed from power, he refused to form part of an administration, which he clearly foresaw could not long exist.

Although the King himself strongly pressed upon him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, when Lord Shelburne had resigned, and his own ambition saw every thing within his reach, yet, at the early period of twenty-four years, he could, with deep and penetrating discernment, reject a situation which he foresaw was also not to last, from the strength of the united power of Lord North and Fox.

When Mr. Pitt found that the East India Bill was announced, he deigned to accept a situation, which he before had with con-

summate prudence declined; but he would not consent that Lord Shelburne should be admitted into the Cabinet. While he had to contend against Fox's majority in the House of Commons, he gained a complete triumph, by his capacity in demonstrating the folly and precipitancy of his opponents.

During the King's illness in 1788, by exposing the error of his adversary, in recommending to the Prince of Wales to claim the regency as matter of right, instead of accepting it as subject to the limitations which Parliament might think proper to impose, he gained such a delay as gave time for his Majesty's recovery, and thus secured his own power.

Acute politicians must not proceed with direct measures, lest they should fail, and shake their popularity. Mr. Pitt soon saw the necessity of calling together a new House of Commons, and did not refuse to apply all the means in his power to diminish the strength of his adversaries at the elections by which they en-

joyed their majorities, but exerted himself in every way to strengthen his own friends. A number of Peers were created, and the grand aim was accomplished.

In effecting this great purpose, he displayed to his opponents, and proved to his adherents in the House of Commons, with what facility he could dispose of honours which were refused to the Members of the Coalition. Never were debates carried to so high a pitch of hostility, as in the remarkable contention for power between the two great antagonists. Indecorous personalities were indulged in, and even nicknames were bestowed, with every thing that could be ridiculous. It was during this period that the Prince of Wales appeared under the Gallery of the House of Commons,—a circumstance so unusual, that it was productive of many remarks, which tended to show his Royal Highness's attachment to the falling party ; and while the virtues of the Heir Apparent were expatiated upon by one side, his attendance was construed

by the other as tending to influence the debates.

To the want of judgment in the Leader of the Coalition may be attributed their ill success: had they made a moderate use of their power, the King could never have emancipated himself from the situation in which they had placed him; and, from their prodigious strength, they would have found that they never could fall but by their own divisions.

The ambitious plans of Fox wanted neither vigour nor decision, but many of his supporters did not approve of extremities. Fox himself was a personal object of dislike to the King; and it was impossible to reconcile a combination of the two great men who appeared most fit to govern. The recriminations in Parliament had been too sharp to be forgotten, and a reconciliation was not to be effected, though attempted through various means, while Pitt was at the head of one party, and the Duke of Portland the nominal chief of the other. Even the King

himself was induced to interfere, and to recommend a conference, in order to establish a Ministry of discordant parts. While this was pending, although listened to with apparent sincerity by Pitt, his ambition prompted him to guide the helm alone; and he must have felt an unlimited gratification when he saw all efforts were abandoned. Fox discovered that all attempts to force the Minister to resign were fruitless; Pitt treating his defiances with contempt, and calling upon him to come forward, and if there were any part of his conduct which was liable to impeachment, to move for his removal from office,—a measure which must either justify or disgrace him.

The Duke of Richmond, my relative, whose opinions, during these convulsions, had undergone a change with those of many others, eulogised the great talents of the new Minister. Various other members of the House of Peers came over to his side; and even Lord Effingham, who had been accused of partaking in the

riots of 1780, appeared as the Champion of Royalty.

While Lord North reprobated the conduct of the Ministry, Sheridan and Erskine, with many others, took the most leading parts. Lord Fitzwilliam was one of the most decidedly hostile to the measures of Pitt, and described him as personally deficient both in talents and knowledge of affairs. As a *dernier resort*, finding that Pitt commanded the country out of doors, while Fox commanded the House of Commons within, he at last suspended the supplies, exhibiting a sacrifice of the public interests to his own private animosity. During this long contest, on which the observation of the whole nation was fixed, finding it impossible to gain his point by any means, he at length moved an Address to his Majesty, or rather an expostulation, accompanied with a resolution, that whoever should recommend to the King to continue the Administration, should be considered as an

enemy to his country. On this point his friends threatened to forsake him, if he persevered to attempt so desperate a remedy. Under these circumstances, he was compelled no longer to refuse the supplies. At length his majority was reduced to one single vote, and thus fell, for ever, the memorable Coalition.

Intrigues of State require a confederate, and Pitt soon selected Dundas as his great coadjutor, who had before conducted with him the opposition, and who, with great political foresight, had long determined to attach his fortune to that of Pitt. He was a man who thought a speculative tenet in politics was a matter which did not deserve attention. No man in office ever made a more conspicuous figure, or was better calculated for his situation. Their connexion had first been formed when Dundas, as Lord Advocate of Scotland, abandoned his old political leader, Lord North, to enter into Lord Shelburne's administration, when he ac-

cepted of the Treasurership of the Navy. From this period, they continued inseparable friends under every variety of fortune.

It is singular, that, in the early part of his life, Mr. Pitt should have been so strenuous a supporter of reform in the national representation. While Burke had carried retrenchment into the very palace of the Sovereign, Pitt had attempted to effect a total change in the mode of elections. That abuses had existed, was not to be disputed; but theory and practice were difficult to be reconciled, and even the advocates for these measures had differed entirely in their opinions on this head.

I have heard the Duke of Richmond declare that he would have extended the right of voting to every individual in the kingdom: his ideas were undoubtedly visionary. Fox at that time supported the plan proposed by Pitt; while Burke, who was an enemy to oligarchy, refused to lend his assistance to the plan. Dundas, in direct opposition to Pitt, was totally hostile to

any reform whatever. It is possible, that when Pitt first made his motion on this subject, he felt, as all other patriots do, that he neither possessed landed interest, nor even pecuniary property; and had his bill taken place, that no man could be returned to Parliament who had not really three hundred a-year freehold estate, neither Fox, Pitt, nor Sheridan, could ever have had a seat in the House.

Power is apt to intoxicate the best hearts, as wine does the strongest heads: how far this was the case with the great Premier, I leave for others to determine. Unlimited power is a thing which very few ought to be trusted with, as few are wise enough for such a possession, and hardly any good enough. When it is obtained, a man can no longer answer for himself, and others would be very unwilling to answer for him. The best of men have had their detractors, and the worst their panegyrists; whence we may learn how to estimate the extent of human greatness.

The eloquence of Pitt was certainly commanding, but there was much tautology in it, and his manner was awkward: he did not possess the dignity of his father, whose vast powers of oratory astounded his audience. They both compelled attention; but, in appeals to the feelings, the father surpassed the son.

I have frequently wondered how it arises that many of our most shining orators at the bar, when they have displayed their powers in the senate, have been found so greatly deficient. But there is a wide difference between diplomatic pleading and forensic rhetoric. The Statesman grasps at generals, the other at particulars. The eloquence of the bar loses in comprehension what it gains in acuteness. There have been, and are now, undoubtedly, exceptions, and those very splendid ones, to the remark.

Lord North was an able and a very powerful orator, although not sublime: like Burke, he

possessed a great command of language, with copiousness of speech. The delightful serenity of his temper enabled him to sustain all the bitter accusations and sarcastic remarks which were hurled upon him from the Opposition. His wit and humour frequently repelled their attacks, and left them destitute of the effect they were intended to produce. He never displayed impatience; and his calmness gave his abilities the opportunity of explaining, in the most clear and lucid manner, every thing which related to financial matters, whenever he opened the Budget. The awkwardness of his manner, and his extreme short-sightedness, oftentimes led him into singular dilemmas; but his inclination to drowsiness must have divested him of spleen. His mind was replete with information, and his classical knowledge unrivalled. In his early life he had travelled abroad, and was a perfect master of the French language. In private society, he was the most entertaining of men; and where Lord North

was, dulness was banished. In the latter period of his life he became blind, and laboured under many infirmities, which, however, never permitted the gaiety of his amiable disposition, nor the sweets of his delightful conversation, to forsake him. A mutual affection between his Sovereign and himself constantly existed, or was interrupted only for a short period during the time of his coalition with Mr. Fox. His adversaries admired him, and he was an object of attachment to all who knew him.

But the powers of eloquence with which Lord North was overwhelmed, had nearly brought his head to the scaffold. He had been hunted into the toils; and many, who were his enemies, hoped to find him sacrificed as an example to public justice. It was then that Fox was nominated to a seat in the Cabinet, after the Rockingham party had been satisfied with the defeat of their opponents. Fox, appointed Secretary of State, did not long enjoy his participation in this short-lived ad-

ministration. Fox was much blamed by many for his conduct during the impeachment of Mr. Hastings; but he had the support of a majority of the House of Commons, and almost all his political enemies gave weight to his cause. That trial was carried on to such an oppressive length, that it ceased to become of interest with the public, and took off, in a great measure, the odium of the accused. That it might have been necessary to prove to the world, that the oppressed in India might obtain redress from Britain, cannot be denied; but the forms of a House of Peers were unfavourable to dispatch, and the trial had much the appearance of a persecution.

When France evinced a desire to throw off the yoke of absolute power, Fox hailed the dawn of liberty, and deprecated the interference of England in the cause. From this he suffered the loss of many of his former friends; and, among others, of that very man by whom he was first taught the principles of civil liberty.

Reduced to a very small minority, he retired from public business; and, to fill up the triumph of the Minister, he had his name erased from the list of Privy Counsellors,—a circumstance which was unexampled during the last reign, and only once to be met with during the preceding one, when Lord George Germaine was unfortunately accused of disaffection, of which, however, his generous nature was incapable, whilst his well-known character could acquit him of the charge of cowardice.

His present Majesty, who had been educated under the principles of Fox, gave the preference, when he entered upon the arduous duties of his high station, to the politics of Pitt. His retention of his Royal Father's Ministers has been adduced as a proof of his filial affection; and there can be no doubt but that the Prince Regent sacrificed his own will and inclinations to what he considered would have been the wishes of his parent, had his health been unimpaired. It is probable that the circumstances

of the times may have produced a conviction in his mind, that an adherence to the system which led to the peace of Europe was absolutely necessary.

It is well known, that his anxiety in the education of his daughter, who he one day hoped would sway the sceptre of these realms, was that the principles of the British Constitution should be implanted deeply in her heart. At a dinner at the Pavilion, when the Princess Charlotte's health was drunk, the Prince, in acknowledging that mark of regard to his daughter, observed, that he had made it his first care to instil into her mind the knowledge of the true system of the British Constitution; and that he had pointed out as a model for her study, the conduct of his esteemed and lamented friend Mr. Fox, who had maintained, with his transcendent abilities, this excellent Constitution, which ought to be administered for the freedom and happiness of the nation. He added, that he had known, in her earliest years, that the

Princess had a just idea of the value of those precepts; and he could with confidence declare, that she might be expected one day to fulfil those duties, with credit to herself and honour to the Country, when he should be no more.

CHAPTER X.

Luxury in England.—A Foreigner's Description of a City Dinner.—The Ideas of a Portuguese on the subject.—Customs in France, Spain, and England.—Gaming.—Anecdote of a Noble Duke.—Mr. O'Kelly.—Disadvantages of London.—Plan for the Benefit of Servants.—Lord Thurlow's Notions respecting London and Paris.—My Advice to his Lordship, and the Effect of his upon me.—Horne Tooke.

I HAVE often reflected how much luxury has increased in London of late years. Down beds, soft pillows, and easy seats, are a species of luxury in which I never have indulged, because they tend to enervate the body, and render it unfit for fatigue. I always make use of hard mattresses, and accustom myself to the open air in all weathers. I literally knew two young ladies of high quality, (sisters,)

who employed a servant with soft hands to raise them gently out of bed in the morning. Nothing less than an all-powerful vanity could make such persons submit to the fatigues of a toilette.

In the hot climates of Asia, people of rank are rubbed and chafed twice a day; which, besides being pleasant, is necessary for health, by moving the blood, where sloth and indolence prevail. The Greeks and Romans were bathed and oiled daily; with them it was *luxury*, though not with the Asiatics.

The gout may be said to be a beacon on the rock of luxury to warn against it; but in vain: during distress, vows of temperance are made; during the intervals, these vows are forgotten. Luxury has gained too much ground in this island to be restrained by admonition.

The various machines that have been invented for executing works of every kind, render bodily strength of less importance than formerly. The travelling on horseback, though a less vigorous exertion of strength than walking, is

not a luxury, because it is a healthy exercise. I dare not say so much for wheel-carriages. A spring coach, rolling along a smooth road, is no exercise; or so little, as to be preventive of no disease: it tends to enervate the body, and in some measure also the mind. The increase of wheel carriages within a century is a convincing proof of the growth of luxurious indolence. During the reign of James I., the English Judges rode to Westminster on horseback; and probably did so for many years after his death. At the Restoration, Charles II. made his public entry into London on horseback, between his two brothers. It is not more than one hundred and fifty years ago that there were but twenty hackney-coaches, which were kept at home till called for. Cookery and coaches have reduced the English nobility to a languid state: the former, by overloading the body, has infected them with disorders; the latter, by fostering ease and indolence, have banished labour—the antidote to these ailments. Even

too great indulgence in the Fine Arts consumes part of that time which ought to be employed in the important duties of life; but the Fine Arts, even when indulged too much, produce one good effect, which is, to soften and ameliorate our manners.

The genius of a nation has been said by a witty writer to be known from its taste in cookery. The Dutch are phlegmatic, from their fondness for water-zooties; the Spaniards revengeful, from their great use of garlic and spices. I once met with a droll foreigner, who described to me a city dinner, with a pair of compasses in his hand, with which he drew circles on a piece of paper. I asked him if he was going through a mathematical problem? He said no; but that he would describe to me every dish that had been placed within his view. He proceeded to show me the various ways in which every thing had been marshalled; but on my telling him I was a novice except in the art of plain cookery, he, with some

emotion, threw aside the paper and compasses, and wondered how I, who had travelled so much through foreign countries, should be ignorant of what was a necessary—nay, a most necessary qualification for a person of rank and fortune; and declared, that he had obtained greater reputation at Court for grilling a beef-steak *à l'Anglaise*, than the most artful minister ever obtained by his negotiations. From this I concluded, that to be an able Statesman it is necessary to be a good cook.

I remember the governor of a city in Portugal once entertaining me all dinner-time with the excellencies of English roast beef: he thought it tautology to mention the intrepidity of the English, their generosity, and other remarkable virtues; for he very justly thought they were all included in roast beef!

How much are times changed both in England and France! In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present, scarcely a shopkeeper is

awake at seven. The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bedchamber at the same hour in the evening,—an early hour at present for *amusements*.

When I was in Spain, the Spaniards adhered to ancient customs; for manners and customs seldom change where women are locked up. Their King then dined precisely at noon, and supped exactly at nine in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII., fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility and gentry dined at eleven, and supped between five and six. In the reign of Charles II., four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays. At present, dinner is never thought of till eight or nine.

Gaming is a vice of the idle. Savages are addicted to gaming. The Greeks were an active and sprightly people, constantly engaged in war, or in cultivating the Arts, and had no

leisure for gaming, nor any knowledge of it. Happy for them was their ignorance! for no other vice tends more to render men selfish, dishonest, and, in the modern style, dishonourable. A gamester, a friend to no man, is a bitter enemy to himself. The luxurious of the present age pass every hour in gaming that can be spared from sensual pleasure. Within the range of my acquaintances, I could, if I were inclined, mention whole families who have been ruined by this dreadful vice. In England, gaming is practised under the cloak of privacy; but in France it is openly sanctioned by the Government.

Some years ago, a Noble Duke was fleeced of a large sum of money at the game of hazard, by a party who had employed false dice. As the Duke suspected the deceit, when the play was over he put the dice into his waistcoat pocket, and retired to bed. The plunderers were alarmed lest they should be detected; and, as they were all men of family,

if the affair had been blown, they would have been eternally disgraced. They resolved, therefore, when he should be asleep, to enter his bed-room, take the false dice from his pocket, and put proper dice in their place: but as one alone could attempt such an office, they agreed to throw the dice to see to whose lot this undertaking might fall. It fell upon a character well known on the town and in the chace. He engaged his domestic to invite the Duke's servant who attended him, to take a bottle of wine with him below. When he was sure that every thing was quiet, he proceeded to the bed-room, where he found the Duke asleep: he silently accomplished his purpose, nor did his Grace discover the exchange; and on splitting the dice next morning, they were found to be correct. I heard this story from the nephew of the man who did it, and who inherited all his fortune.

The great O'Kelly, so well known on the turf, after having lost a large sum of money,

thought of recovering it by a stratagem with his famous horse Eclipse. This celebrated racer, it was well known, could distance any horse of the day in the four-mile course at Newmarket. O'Kelly offered a bet of twenty thousand pounds, that he would *place* every horse, including Eclipse, of those that were to run for a sweepstakes. As his opponents well knew Eclipse would win, they did not think it a difficult thing for him to name the winner; but to be able to place the other horses, appeared to them almost impossible. His bet was accepted, and he wrote down before the race took place, his decision, which they were to abide by after the event was over. They lost their bet, for O'Kelly had placed Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere. Eclipse had distanced them all!

It gives me the spleen to hear the French and English zealously disputing about the extent of their respective Capitals, as if the prosperity of their country depended on that circumstance.

To me it appears like glorying in the King's evil, or in any contagious distemper. They would be much better employed in lessening these great cities. There is not a political measure, in my opinion, that would tend to aggrandize the kingdom of France or England more than the splitting their capitals into several great towns. The two great cities of London and Westminster are extremely ill fitted for local union. The latter, the seat of government and the nobility, infects the former with luxury and love of show: the former, the seat of commerce, infects the latter with the love of gain. The mixture of these opposite passions is productive of every grovelling vice.

An overgrown capital, far above a rival, has, by numbers and riches, a powerful influence in public affairs. The populace are ductile, and easily misled by designing and ambitious men: nor are there wanting critical times, in which such men, acquiring artificial means of influence, may have power to disturb the peace.

What multitudes of Irish labourers, men of the most turbulent characters, who, if a spark were dropped, would readily catch fire! They may be apparently quiet now; but if the distresses of their own native country increases, and dissatisfaction is promoted, who can say where it may end? That an overgrown capital may prove dangerous to sovereignty, has been dreadfully experienced, more than once, in London; and sufficiently in Paris.

So insolent are the London poor, that scarcely one of them will condescend to eat brown bread. There are, I will venture to assert, in London, a much greater number of idle and profligate wretches, than in Paris, or in any other town, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The wretches, in Swift's style, never think of posterity, because posterity never thinks of them. Men who hunt after pleasure, and live from day to day, have no notion of being burthened with a family. Most things thrive by encouragement, and idleness above

all; certainty of maintenance renders the low people of England idle and profligate; especially in London, where luxury prevails, and infests every rank.

In Paris, domestic servants are encouraged to marry; they are observed to be more settled than when single, and more attentive to their duty. In London, such marriages are discouraged, as rendering a servant more attentive to his own family, than to that of his master. But a servant attentive to his own family will not, for his own sake, neglect that of his master. At any rate, is he not more to be depended on, than a servant who continues a bachelor? For what can be expected from an idle and pampered bachelor, but every species of corruption? Nothing restrains such from absolute profligacy, but the eye of their master, who for that reason is their aversion, not their love. If the poor-laws are a folio of corruption, bachelor-servants in London may be well considered as a large *appendix*. I have often

thought, that some place for servants, who have faithfully adhered to their duty, as an asylum in their latter days, would be a great encouragement to them to conduct themselves well during their service. I would propose a place, with a few acres of land adjoining, for a kitchen-garden, for their use and employment. By a contribution among the nobility, a fund might be raised for such a plan; and none but contributors should be entitled to offer servants to the house. By such encouragement an evil would be remedied, that of servants wandering about from master to master for better wages, or easier service, or variety, which seldom fails to corrupt servants. I have at this moment many faithful servants whom I have pensioned off, and who are now enabled to live comfortably.

The progress of political knowledge has unfolded many bad effects of a great city. People born and bred in a great city are commonly weak and effeminate. This is a physical objec-

tion against a great city. The environs of London are now so fast increasing, that in a few years they will surpass London itself.

When Lord Thurlow was at Paris, I was one day praising the country around; to which he narrowly replied, that it was all a great stone quarry. I might have told him, that this great stone quarry was covered with fine hills, trees, and buildings; but I remained silent. "You do not consider then," said he, "the environs of Paris so pretty as the suburbs of London?"—"I consider them finer," I replied candidly. If any thing could have abated his partiality for me, it would have been this answer; for he brought with him, and carried away all the prejudices of an Englishman.

I always regretted his absence from his own country, because at home I knew that he could be of use; but abroad he could serve no one; and all the time he was away he was in bad humour, which was sure to hurt his health.

I have often thought English tempers very

like the pickles made by their housekeepers: so sour that the taste of them makes me feel, as it were, acid also. While a person lives, the most simple truth spoken of his merit is called flattery; and it is only when grace and talents, or beauty are fled to their native heaven, that they are recorded,—then in cold marble, or awkward praise. I always think of Voltaire's apostrophe to the English in his Henriade. It is something like this:—

Malheureux et coupables, qui péchez sans plaisirs,
Dans vos erreurs soyez moins condamnables;
Et puisqu'il faut que vous soyez damnés,
Damnez vous du moins par des fautes aimables.

I once told Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, that had I authority in the House of Lords, this advice should be put up in golden letters over each door of the house, for the benefit of the peers. I really believe he preferred tough English salt beef to a *pâté de Périgueux*,—and the London porter to the wine of Paris.

He frequently remarked to me, "*Vous dé-*

truisez par votre présence." At a concert at the Comtesse de Paravacini's, a very tall officer, whom I had never seen before, was inquiring the names of many who were present. On ascertaining mine, he went round the room to all the ladies he knew (they were but few), till he fixed the countess in a long conversation. When it was ended, she came to me and inquired what the man could possibly mean; for he persisted in having seen *Milady* with *Milord*, at Lisle, three days together, but that I was not the person. Pray are there two, said she? This compelled me to explain; for it was Lord Craven's mistress he had seen.

When Horne Tooke pleaded his own cause before Lord Mansfield, Thurlow on the trial sought to surprize him, while Kenyon endeavoured to overpower him by argument; but Tooke exhibited such talents as defeated their united attacks. Kenyon never forgave Tooke, and died in enmity with him; but Thurlow, whose manliness of character was equal to the

vigour of his understanding, called on Tooke at Wimbledon, in the year 1802. "Mr. Tooke," said he, "I have only one recollection which gives me pain."—"You are a fortunate man, my lord," replied Tooke, "for you have been Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor, and Keeper of the King's Conscience." "As Attorney-General," replied Thurlow, "I must confess to you, that I was prevailed on to act against you, and against my own feelings, for I had always an esteem and friendship for you." "I am aware of it, my lord: I was with you the day before the prosecution against me was expected to come on, for a libel on the King's troops in America, and at that time, you made me a promise to perform your duty with impartiality, and without rancour. Notwithstanding this, as if forgetful of your intentions, and as if influenced by magic, you laboured with all your might to convict me."—"It is true, Mr. Tooke," said Thurlow. "I acknowledge it, and I lament it. So now good morning, and

farewell." "Stay, my lord," said Tooke, "if I could not escape you at that time, you shall not escape me now."—"What is your meaning?" exclaimed Thurlow. "I fear no man on earth, nor shall you threaten me with impunity." "I mean, my lord, that you shall stay and dine with me."—"No, I will come to-morrow." He kept his word, and they remained friends during his life.

I have seen a great deal of Horne Tooke. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. The dictionary of Johnson was, perhaps, as stupendous a production as ever came before the world: it is a monument of human industry; but it was for Tooke to penetrate into that labyrinth of confusion, from whence the English language was derived. The "Diversions of Purley" establish his reputation as a most profound scholar, and his illustrations, though mostly political, are proofs of the greatest talents. His knowledge of the British Constitution was equal to that of any

lawyer; and when he pleaded his own cause before Lord Mansfield, he asked so many questions with such apparent ignorance, and such assumed modesty, that he entrapped his Lordship into contradictory answers, and led him into great embarrassment, by the animadversions that he made, in consequence of the means taken to throw him off his guard. It was allowed, that on this account Lord Mansfield interfered with the Benchers of the Temple, to induce them to refuse Tooke's application to be called to the Bar. His knowledge was feared, his erudition was envied, and his rancour dreaded and abhorred. Tooke's character was a compound of every thing that could be combined in human nature. He took a peculiar delight in searching for errors and blemishes; and where he discovered them, his fertile imagination enlarged them into every species of mental deformity, and his acrimony changed them into corruption. The singularity of his disposition made him neither an enemy to vice,

nor a friend to virtue. He would see the one oppressed, and the other extolled, without any sensations but those which might create an occasion for him to take advantage of either. Tooke himself was oppressed and attacked by all the powers of the law; he was dreaded as a public, and detested as a private man. His feelings might have been exasperated by the circumstances under which he had placed himself. In his private concerns he was greatly embarrassed, and, I believe, he was greatly assisted by the liberality of his friend Sir Francis Burdett; but he had no gratitude: he reviled those who served him.

When Lord Camelford returned him for the Borough of Old Sarum, the legislature passed an act to prevent all clergymen from sitting in the House of Commons, and Horne Tooke was excluded. His contest with Mr. Onslow terminated in his adversary's defeat. It was an action for defamation, brought by Mr. Onslow, and the damages laid at 10,000*l.*, and tried be-

fore Judge Blackstone, at Kingston. Mr. Onslow was nonsuited in consequence of the word *pounds* being inserted in the record instead of *pound*. The cause was reheard before Lord Mansfield, at Guildford; when Mr. Onslow was again nonsuited. The trial cost Mr. Onslow upwards of 1500*l*., on account of his having retained all the principal counsel.

In consequence of the conduct which he pursued in the City election for Sheriff, (having supported the party who were in the government cause) Tooke was represented, by Junius, as having been bribed by the ministry. Junius having made this injurious assertion, Tooke called for proofs of it; but notwithstanding his invectives, the other was not able to substantiate the fact, and abandoned the charge. It did not appear that Horne Tooke deserted his party, for that party was divided into two different factions on personal accounts; and it was not Tooke's intention to put down the Bill of Rights, though his support on the question was

fatal to the popular cause. The fact and argument on this occasion were in favour of Tooke, and in classical elegance he was equal to Junius.

His grammatical labours cannot be too strongly appreciated; and if he had furnished the country with a dictionary, it would have been much indebted to him. I have heard it wittily remarked, that the critics would have broken his head, if they could have done so without exposing his brains. He obtained a complete triumph over the "Hermes" of Mr. Harris, and that in a double sense, for he extirpated old errors, and substituted in their place new truths. He cleared away the errors of grammar, and removed the fictions of prejudice.

Tooke's father was formerly a poulterer, near Soho Square. He sent his son to Westminster School, and afterwards removed him to Eton. From Eton he went to Cambridge, and was of St. John's College.

CHAPTER XI.

Murphy at Hammersmith.—Anecdotes of him.—Lord Thurlow.—Burke.—Courage of Lord Berkeley when attacked by a Highwayman.—Charles XII. of Sweden. — Gallant conduct of Sir George Berkeley. — General Moreau. — Rosni.—The Emperor Napoleon.

MURPHY resided at Hammersmith, where he lived in an easy, independent way. He was the person who first introduced Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale. He was a man of a very unblemished character, abounding in anecdote, and very communicative in his conversation. From his intimacy with persons in the highest sphere of life, and his acquaintance with the *literati*, his society was every where delightful. He possessed great classical knowledge, of

which his translation of the works of Tacitus is a convincing proof. It first appeared in four quarto volumes. He was engaged in this undertaking for many years. It reflected great credit on his abilities, and more upon his honour, in his refusing to dedicate it to a nobleman, who anxiously desired that gratification: he having already determined to bestow the favour on his most esteemed and valued friend Burke.

His works were productions of a very elegant kind; and his taste was much improved by his friendship with such men as Burke and Johnson. His "Grecian Daughter" procured him a very considerable sum of money; I have been informed, as much as 800*l*. He was once very intimate with Wilkes, and engaged in a paper-war with him, at the time the latter wrote the "North Briton;" nor was either of them aware that they were engaged in a literary conflict. When this circumstance was discovered, the enemies of Murphy were determined

to oppose his next theatrical undertaking, which they did with unfortunate success.

I remember, that at the time of the coalition, when it was found so difficult to form a ministry, the late King offered to concede every point in agitation except one; which was, that Lord Thurlow should not be obliged to resign the Great Seal. Although no arguments could induce the party to relax, yet the King so firmly kept to his point, that the conference was obliged to be terminated. This great director of his sovereign's conscience was dreaded for his integrity, and for the influence which he possessed from his stern virtues.

I have good reason to believe, that the advice and friendship of this great lawyer, during the whole time of the existence of that coalition, which his Majesty so thoroughly disapproved, was the only consolation which he derived while Fox presided at the helm.

During the troubles of the American war, when the capital exhibited scenes of outrage

and violence, and when Junius by his writings had astonished and perplexed the world, the King had uniformly preserved his presence of mind; but the coalition was too much for him; his cheerfulness forsook him, and he would come from Windsor to London, and back again, without ever opening his lips. It was then that Thurlow was, as it were, his resting-place. From his persuasions he was induced to wait for a favourable opportunity of emancipating himself from the chains which surrounded him, and not to adopt vigorous or violent expedients, which might only procrastinate his views.

I remember, that at the time when Burke retired from his party, not into seclusion, but to join the friends of power, he suddenly quitted the benches of the opposition, and having gained the treasury side of the house, burst forth into a most violent philippic against his deserted friends. It was well known, that in the early part of his life, he had practised him-

self in oratory, in various political debates which were held at the house of a baker, who had great talents, although in so humble a station; and who presided at the famous debating society at the "Robin Hood." Sheridan, who, although he might have expected the desertion of his colleague, was not prepared for an attack, concluded a most animated speech, nearly in these terms:—"The gentleman," says he, "has, in his own words, quitted the enemy's camp; but he must recollect that it is as a deserter, and I trust he will never return as a spy. But," continued he, "I cannot be astonished at his apostacy, when I consider that it is but natural, that he, who on his first entry upon life could so grossly err as to go to the baker's for his eloquence, should come at the conclusion of his career to the House of Commons for his bread." This piece of wit instantaneously and irresistibly captivated the assembly.

Some men, although not possessed of great

talents, are very decisive in all their actions. Hesitation is a great sign of weakness: a strong mind should perceive instantly, at a glance, what step should be taken in great difficulties, or in a perilous situation. There are cases where decision may give a most important balance to the scale, when even life may depend upon it. My brother, Lord Berkeley, gave a very striking proof of this character, by which means he prevented himself from being murdered. Travelling in his carriage at night, and having fallen asleep, he was suddenly roused by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol at the window, demanded his money, and exclaimed, that he had heard his lordship had boasted, that he would never be robbed by a single highwayman, and now was the time for him to show if he meant to keep his word. Lord Berkeley, putting his hand into his pocket, told the man, that he certainly should not have suffered it at this time, if it had not been for the fellow behind him, who was just now look-

ing over his shoulder. The robber instantly turned round his head, almost involuntarily, to see who was there, when my brother, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket, instead of a purse, as the highwayman imagined, shot him upon the spot.

Courage is incompatible with the fear of death; every villain is afraid of death. He may possess the desperation of a rat, and with that kind of courage, fight when driven into a corner. How very few thieves are there, that are not alarmed at the slightest noise; and with what terror do they not deliver themselves into the hands of justice, when taken by the officers! The glare of courage elicited by danger, is not like the calm bravery of the man who builds his confidence on virtuous principles.

"*Le vrai courage*," says Rousseau, "*a plus de constance, et moins d'empressement; il est toujours ce qu'il doit être; il ne faut ni l'exciter, ni le retenir.*" The brave man always carries this quality about him: in the battle, against the

enemy; in a private circle, in favour of his absent friends, and of truth; in his bed, against the attacks of pain or of death. The force of soul, which inspires him, is the same throughout all ages; it places virtue always above events, and does not consist in fighting, but in fearing nothing.

I know no instance in history which gives me a greater idea of the natural courage which some men possess, than that of the death of Charles XII. of Sweden. At the moment when he was struck dead with the ball on the parapet, although its effect was instantaneous, yet he had the power, as if by a sudden impulse and a natural motion, to place his right-hand in the guard of his sword, in which attitude he remained, though his head fell backwards. Voltaire, who gives this account of his last moment, mentions the singular remark of Megret, an engineer, who was by his side at the time.

At this spectacle," says the writer, " Megret, a man of a singular turn of mind, and of great

indifference, made no other remark than this: '*Voilà la pièce finie, allons souper.*'".

This singular being experienced, as Voltaire says of him, whatever prosperity could offer as great, and whatever adversity could present which was cruel, without being softened by the one, or shaken for a moment by the other. Almost all his actions, whether of his public or of his private life, have been apparently improbable. He was, perhaps, the only man that ever lived, (and certainly the only king) who was without weakness. He carried all the virtues of a hero to an excess, which rendered them as dangerous as the opposite vices. His firmness was hardened into obstinacy, and produced his captivity for five years in Turkey. His liberality, degenerating into profuseness, ruined Sweden. His courage, carried to an extremity, produced his death. His justice sometimes proceeded even to cruelty; and, in his last years, the air of his authority approached to tyranny. His great qualities,

one of which alone might have immortalized any other prince, became the misfortunes of his country. He never attacked any one; but he was not so prudent, as implacable, in his revenge.

He was the first who had the ambition to be a conqueror, without desiring to aggrandize his states: he was desirous of gaining empires, in order to bestow them. His passion for war, for glory, and vengeance, prevented him from becoming a good politician,—a qualification without which there never was a real conqueror. Before a battle, and after a victory, he was all modesty;—after a defeat, all firmness. Determined with regard to others, as well as himself; considering as nothing, either trouble, or the lives of his subjects, or his own: singular, rather than great, he was more to be admired than imitated.

An elegant French writer, in speaking of this great and extraordinary man, compares him to the Pyramids of the Desert; of which

the astonished eye contemplates the enormous proportions, without demanding their utility. We admire, in this princely phenomenon, the alliance, so rare, of private virtues and heroic qualities, which have astonished the civilized world: his utter contempt of the pleasures of life, and of life itself; that immeasurable thirst for glory, that extreme simplicity of manners, that prodigious intrepidity, which characterised him; his familiarity and his goodness towards his friends, and his severity towards himself; the chimerical enterprises and expeditions undertaken with so much boldness; that defeat at Pultowa sustained with so much firmness; the imprisonment at Bender, where he displayed so much dignity, and commanded the respect of barbarians when they had no further dread of him; the attachment of his subjects, when they had no more to expect from him; and, although absent, the power of commanding obedience in those states where his present successors have not been able to obtain it.

My gallant brother, Sir George, among the many instances that are recorded in the annals of our history, may, I trust, without any presumption on my part, claim his share of merit and bravery. In the ever-memorable engagement of the first of June 1794, he commanded the Marlborough of 74 guns, opposed to the Impetueux, which, after a most terrible conflict, was relieved by the Mutius Scævola coming to its assistance. Here English valour was enabled to prevail, and they were both compelled to strike to the Marlborough. Immediately after the surrender, a French ship of 120 guns, came under the Marlborough's stern, and raked her with a broadside; which caused much damage, and wounded, among the rest, my brother in the head and leg, so that he was compelled to retire from the quarter-deck. In this severe action, the Marlborough was totally dismasted, and many of her crew killed.

When courage is crowned with success, it

is called heroism; but when it meets with defeat, it is denominated rashness. Buonaparte's failure in Russia was temerity in the highest degree: he was surprised by the sudden setting-in of winter, six weeks before the usual time; but he ought not to have failed in his calculations, and should have left nothing to chance: had he succeeded as he usually did, his heroism would have been applauded. The world judges from the result of things. Napoleon forgot that the Russians said—"If you come to us with a small army, we shall overpower you; if you come to us with a large one, you will overpower yourselves." He had the elements to contend with, in a climate which overwhelmed his host. When Nelson gained the victory at Copenhagen, it was the result alone, that determined whether he was worthy a court, or a court-martial. The inexhaustible resources of Great Britain were a mystery which Buonaparte never understood, and he knew their reality only by their effects.

He little thought, at one period of his life, that he should be compelled to seek a refuge from his enemies, at the hands of those whom he most wished to destroy. The foresight of man often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

A good retreat shows the powers of a great general. Moreau was celebrated for this. No general can have the presumption to say that he shall not be defeated; but he may so conduct his plans of operations, that he need not be surprised. Buonaparte knew how to conquer, and to profit by his victories; but many have known how to gain a victory, who have failed in profiting by it.

To constitute a great man, both moral and physical courage are necessary: the former is most necessary for the council, the latter for the field. The one is a courage which despises all opinion; the other despises all danger. Buonaparte considered Murat as defective in one, whilst himself was perhaps not unsuspected of a deficiency in the other.

The school of misfortune is superior to that of victory. We may fear nothing for the glory of a lucky hero; but when reverses press hard upon a man, it is then that his courage is to be put to the proof. Buonaparte displayed it at St. Helena, and proved himself a great man; it was there that he gained the admiration of the world. Marius seated on the ruins of Carthage, is more astonishing than Marius borne in triumph on a car through Rome. It may be useful to a state, that a great man should have faults to repair, or disgrace to overcome: his zeal, in these cases, is called into action, and prodigies are frequently performed in reparation. He is then tempted to high enterprises, and obstacles are multiplied but to augment his glory.

When Henry IV. of France, wounded in several places at the siege of Cahors, was surrounded by his principal officers, who conjured him to retire, as his soldiers were exhausted with fatigue, and overcome with the violence of

the heat; he turned his eyes towards his friends with a smile; and in a tone of assurance told them, that it was written above what he ought to do on such an occasion. "Remember," said he, "that my retreat from this town, without having secured it for my army, shall be the retreat of my soul from this body. My honour is at stake. Let us then fight and conquer, or die."

When Henry was on the point of engaging in the battle of Ivry, he wrote to Rosni to join him instantly. The latter, notwithstanding all his diligence, was unable to arrive till within an hour and a half before the engagement. The king wished to show him the disposition of the two armies; "follow me," said he, "that I may point out to you your business." During the battle, Rosni, who fought by the king's side, had two horses killed under him, and received himself seven different wounds. He fell in his own blood, and fainted away. Being recovered, after a long while, he found himself alone on

the field of battle, surrounded with the dead, disarmed, and without assistance. He imagined the day to be lost; when four of the enemy's party coming to him, entreated him to receive them as prisoners, and to spare their lives. It was thus that he learnt the news of his master's victory. He caused himself to be conveyed to the village of Rosni in order to be cured of his wounds: the king was there. It was a sight worthy of admiration to see Rosni, who, my readers will recollect, was afterwards created Duke de Sully, extended on a litter formed of the branches of trees, and surrounded by his domestics, who carried in triumph the fragments of his pistols and the pieces of his sword, accompanied by prisoners, and followed by soldiers, marked with honourable wounds. Henry no sooner perceived him, than hastily advancing towards him, more like a friend than a king, he testified his solicitude for his health. Rosni thanked him, telling him, that he valued himself for having suffered for so good a master. "Brave soldier!"

replied Henry, "I always knew your courage, and estimated your virtues, but your actions and your modest reply have surpassed my expectations." He then embraced him in the presence of the princes and generals who were around him.

I have always, contemplated that visionary fabric of Napoleon's imagination, the overthrow of Russia, as the offspring of utter folly. That the vision should 'dissolve and leave not a wreck behind,' could not be matter of astonishment: the loss was immeasurable, the desolation terrific. When Moscow ceased to exist, the Emperor intended to have abandoned the mass of ruins, and to have occupied the Kremlin with three thousand men. But the idea was vain:—what conception can be formed of the state of 200,000 houseless wretches, wandering about the neighbouring woods, and perishing with hunger? To the Kremlin some of them repaired by night, as a place of refuge, and to the adjacent ruins. But even this resource

was denied them, for Mortier, Duke of Treviso, after the place had been mined, took the entire possession of it, with the intention of blowing it up.

It was suggested to the Emperor, as said in the bulletins, to devastate every object within twenty leagues round, and to set on fire every village. The same authority stated that he refused to adopt this plan of sacrificing 10,000 innocent persons for the sake of vengeance. It would have been gratifying to see a spark of mercy in the man who deluged Europe with blood; but the order of destruction was in reality issued. Before the plan could be adopted, the scene of ravage was prevented from extending farther, not from the clemency of the invader, but because the means were out of his reach. Buonaparte had given the mandate for the destruction of a fortress that had stood the storms of ages; the mines were completed; the arsenal, the palace, and the church, then stood upon a mass of combustibles, and a few sparks would

have levelled all to the ground. Early in the morning the first explosion took place; but the Russian general seized on this signal of destruction, and rushed upon the perpetrators, who were a few detached, desperate men, who had pledged themselves not to quit the place till they had reduced the Kremlin to ashes: but, before another mine could be sprung, the intrepid Iloviasky, with his dauntless followers, had forced the gates, and, assaulting the wretches with the firebrands in their hands, took them prisoners and rescued the place.

Thus was the glory of Moscow preserved, and the plans of Napoleon frustrated. What a moment of pride and exultation to the Russian General, when he planted the eagles of his country again in the citadel! The citadel, the palace, and the arsenal, were left entire, proof against the impotent rage and falsehood of a man who had previously declared to his soldiers that the Kremlin existed no more.

I cannot sufficiently admire the address of

the Emperor Alexander, at the termination of that dreadful invasion, to his invincible defenders: "Soldiers," says he, "that year is gone! that memorable and glorious year, in which you have levelled with the dust the pride of an insolent invader! That year is gone; but your heroic deeds remain! Time cannot efface their remembrance; they are present with ourselves; they will live in the memory of posterity!"

In the words of my friend, Kerr Porter, "Buonaparte, like Xerxes, beheld his hundreds of thousands pass in review before him only a few months prior to his shameful flight; but not like Xerxes did he shed tears at the procession of a host, so few of which were fated to return. An ambition more fierce than that of the Persian monarch, had dried up the sources of pity in Napoleon's heart, and rivers of blood had washed away the purer drops from his relentless eyes. The obdurate to others are generally the most weakly sensible to their own

sufferings; and it is hardly to be doubted, that he who had viewed the horrors of Moscow and the Beresina without compassion, would, when lying a disguised fugitive at the bottom of a wretched sledge, find it possible to weep over the disappointments of his own pride."

CHAPTER XII.

Napoleon at Marengo.—Death and Character of General Desaix.—Anecdotes of his Career.—Prince de Condé.—The Duke D'Enghien.—Curious Particulars of Napoleon's Conduct on the occasion of the Duke's Execution.—Anecdotes of Napoleon and Josephine.—The King of Sweden's Opinion respecting Napoleon.—Extraordinary Physiognomies.—Madame de Stael and Tallien.—General Hoche; Remarkable Circumstances attending his Death.—Anecdotes regarding him.—The Pretended Dauphin.—Anecdotes of Louis XVIII.—Lord Strangford.

AT the battle of Marengo, Buonaparte appears to have displayed more self-possession and greater coolness than on most occasions. I have heard a military man, who was very near him on that occasion, declare that the Consul braved death in the midst of bullets, which

raised the ground beneath the feet of his charger; where the dead and dying lay covered on the earth, surrounded by combatants, who were falling on every side, at every instant. It was then that he was giving orders with a *sang froid*, which excited the astonishment and admiration of all his officers. Even Berthier advised him to retire. His voice, and the traits of his countenance, were firm and unmoved. The enemy had, by means of artillery and cavalry, so disposed themselves, that the instant danger threatened to precipitate Napoleon from his lofty situation. All appeared to be lost without resource; and the Consul would have been either taken or killed, had not Desaix arrived at the moment to save him, and to proclaim victory. But whilst Desaix was leading his troops to glory, his own fate was determined; in an hour after he had joined the army with his men, he fell. He saved his country from disgrace, and his commander from destruction. On receiving the mortal wound, he had only time

to say to Lebrun: "Go to the First Consul, and tell him, that the only regret which I feel is, that I have not done enough for posterity:" and with these words he expired. Napoleon, on hearing this misfortune, exclaimed, "Why am I not permitted to weep?"

Desaix was born of noble parents, and devoted to the service; he was by birth a soldier. At the military college, he surpassed his companions in his studies, and in promptness for abstract science. In his youth, he was not addicted to dissipation, but on all occasions his distinguished talents procured him the respect of Broglio and Custine, to whom he was successively aid-de-camp and major of brigade. At the opening of the war, his first remarkable action was before Landau. Walking alone in the delightful country which surrounded that town, he heard on a sudden the clash of arms; his ardent spirit animated him; and without other weapons than a slight stick in his hand, he flew to the place from whence the sound pro-

ceeded. In an instant he finds himself in the midst of French and Austrian cavalry: each party having been sent thither for the purpose of reconnoitring: an engagement had taken place. Desaix rushes into the midst, encourages his countrymen by his voice and gestures, is overthrown and made prisoner; is disengaged, and renews the fight, and succeeds in entering Landau with his victorious party, and a prisoner whom he himself had taken. He afterwards distinguished himself greatly, and was appointed general of brigade.

The honourable wound which he had received on his cheek, was caused by a ball which passed completely through that part; nor would he have it attended to, until he had rallied and reconducted his battalions against the enemy who had forced them into disorder.

While before Strasburgh, being attacked by a force infinitely superior to his own, and his troops retiring in confusion, he threw himself before them. "General," said they, "have you not

commanded a retreat?" "Yes," cried he, "but it is the retreat of the enemy." At these words, the soldiers returned, rushed upon the enemy, who imagined themselves conquerors, and left them even without the resource of flight.

As a recompense for these acts of bravery, he was, to the disgrace of the French government, ordered to be deprived of his command; but happily, the General-in-chief, who was then at the head of the army, suspended the execution of these orders, and Desaix was not informed of them. Shortly after, a third order, of deprivation, came, but the representative, who had provoked it, or who brought it, perceiving the commotion it was likely to produce among the troops, and fearful of the consequences, failed to have it put into execution, and left to the soldiers a father, and a faithful companion.

His vile persecutors, determined on disgracing him, though they had failed in attacking him personally, revenged themselves in a manner no less unjust than dishonourable—by incarcerating

his virtuous mother, the victim of the merits of her son. When the revolutionary horizon began to clear, Moreau profited of the opportunity to name him a general of division, and confided to his care the left wing of the army of the Rhine and the Mozelle. It was then that Desaix made the memorable campaign of the Revolutionary year 4, celebrated particularly for the famous retreat of the former.

At Kell, he sustained the attacks of a rival worthy of himself,—the Archduke Charles. Death hovered round him many times during these engagements, and deprived him of several friends. History will not pass over slightly his valour during the passage of the Rhine, which he executed in open day, in the presence of the Austrian army; a passage the most bold and enterprising that, perhaps, was ever recorded. On this occasion, when the French were opposed to the greatest dangers, Desaix first landed on the opposite bank of the river, during a most tremendous fire, regardless of the impetuosity of

the waters. Followed by a small number of grenadiers, he overthrew those Austrians who were bold enough to resist him. One of their number, indignant, without doubt, that a handful of Frenchmen should make such havoc, returned upon them, and fired on one whom he selected as most worthy of his fury: the deadly ball penetrated the thigh of Desaix. Notwithstanding the acute pain he must have felt, generous as brave, he seized his adversary, and made him prisoner without destroying him; nor was it till then that his wound was discovered.

As soon as his wounds were cured, he profited by the suspension of arms, and visited the man who had conquered the greatest generals of Europe. His reception was of the most flattering kind. Great men have a sympathetic feeling, which unites them by indissoluble bonds. Buonaparte proclaimed to his whole army, the high esteem in which Desaix was regarded by him. He informed them, that Desaix was arrived from the army of the Rhine,

and that he was come to reconnoitre the positions where the French had immortalized themselves. The conqueror of Italy did not leave the brave Desaix long in a state of inaction; he wished to associate him with his glory, and took him with him into Egypt. Desaix was present at the taking of Malta, at the battle of Chebrk-Grisse, and at those of the Pyramids. Desaix displayed such rare talents, and so great bravery, that Buonaparte presented him with a poniard, enriched with diamonds of the most exquisite workmanship, on which were engraved, "Prise de Malthe, Bataille de Chebrk-Grisse, Bataille des Pyramides."

Desaix gained victories at Sonaguy, at Thebes, at Gosseyr, and in numerous other places. Clemency always accompanied the conqueror: no dishonourable trait ever tarnished his memory. His military life, his conduct, both private and political, were standing eulogies of this brave and great general; and

from these virtues he acquired, in Egypt, the name of the Just Sultan.

The arts and sciences were greatly indebted to him, both for useful discoveries in his researches among the ruins and monuments of antiquity, and for the protection and security of every kind which he afforded to the learned engaged in these undertakings. Desaix defended the country around Thebes against the most formidable of the Beys, destroying that barbarous horde, whose valour was worthy a better cause, and pursuing them below the cataracts, where, for the period of twelve centuries, no army had ever penetrated. Such examples of valour afford a high idea of what he was capable of undertaking.

After having signed a solemn treaty, in virtue of which the army of the East was to evacuate Egypt, he departed in a neutral vessel, with a passport from the Grand Vizier, and another from Sir Sidney Smith, and accom-

panied by an English officer as an additional security. However, notwithstanding all these precautions, he was arrested at the landing-place of Toulon, without regard to his character or the faith of treaties. He was then conducted to Admiral Keith, who declared him a prisoner, and ordered that the vessel should be deprived of the helm, in hopes that it might run a-ground. He was then sent to the Lazaretto. The Admiral, it is said, added insult to this harsh conduct; but, whether Lord Keith was privy to it or not, it was said that a message was sent to him to require him to pay twenty sous a day for himself, and each of the French soldiers who were prisoners, adding ironically, that the equality proclaimed by the French sanctioned the treatment which he might expect, as being on a level with his men.

Desaix answered with that dignity and greatness of soul which so much became him: "I demand nothing but to be freed from your presence. Send, if you wish it, straw for those

who are wounded with me. I have treated with Mamelukes, Turks, and Arabians of the Great Desert; with Ethiopians, Tartars, and Blacks; all these respected the word they had given, and refrained from insulting a man in misfortune." His letter produced its effect: whether the Admiral considered that he was doing wrong, or that a spark of humanity brought back more moderate sentiments, he suffered him to depart. Desaix disembarked at Toulon.

He there learned that the First Consul was on the point of conquering Italy. Desirous of fighting by his side, and of partaking of his perils, he was eager to join him; but he was also a good son, and loved his mother with the most tender affection. After two years of absence he would have wished to have embraced her, and to have reposed on his laurels; but glory was his passion; he sought to be immortalized, and this desire prevailed.

Obliged to perform quarantine at Toulon, his

impatience could not brook the delay; he burned to join Buonaparte, and receiving an invitation from him, he instantly took post and hastened forward with all speed. At St. Germain, he was attacked by some Piedmontese brigands; one of his suite was killed, (an Ethiopian, whom he had brought with him from Upper Egypt, and who had been presented to him by the King of Darfour,) and many others were desperately wounded. The Genius of France, which watched over Desaix, reserved him for a more glorious end.

He arrived at Brondi, the general rendezvous, where his presence created the most lively sensations. His companions in arms hastened to receive him with every possible mark of admiration and respect; and when his division took the position of Tortona, he terminated his career by a ball, like Joubert and Marceau.

I heard this account from a person who was present at the scene, and who described with great feeling the impression he received when

he saw the body of the General enveloped in cloth and covered with his cloak. It was conducted in a coach to Milan. He preserved till his death that great simplicity of manners and exterior, which, united to extraordinary courage, gave a pensive character to his countenance, naturally pale. His look was penetrating and ardent. His unalterable *sang froid* inspired in all who regarded him a respect which was due to his greatness. His dress was entirely blue, without embroidery; he wore a hat without feathers and without lace, and high boots. Such was his costume.

He fell when mounted on a horse, which was lent to him by Bessières, chief of brigade. His last words were expressive of that greatness of soul which never abandoned him, and of that sincere love of his country which he had always displayed.

The death of the Prince de Condé, at the advanced age of eighty-two, which took place in the year 1818, excited a considerable feeling

in my mind, as I knew and estimated his good qualities. The mind of this amiable Prince, since the murder of the Duc D'Enghein his grandson, the last of a race of heroes which that illustrious family had produced, had been tinctured with a melancholy sadness; but from this calamity he had sought refuge in the comforts of Religion, to which he had, during a large period of his latter days, devoted himself. His military career had commenced in the seven years' war, in which he obtained great distinction. Being solicited by his aid-de-camp in an engagement to move some paces to the left, to avoid the direction of a battery which was the cause of much dreadful slaughter all around him, he replied, "I find no such precautions in the history of the great Condé." When the Duke of Brunswick visited this Prince at Chantilly, not finding the pieces of cannon which he had taken from him at the victory of Johaminberg, and which Louis XV. had given to him as a reward of his valour,

(Condé having, with great delicacy, kept them out of sight) the duke observed to him, "You have vanquished me twice: in war by your arms, and in peace by your modesty." He was in the highest degree brave, polite, generous, affable, and virtuous.

The stigma which has been attached to the conduct of Napoleon, with regard to the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, is entirely without foundation. The unfortunate duke was certainly condemned to die by the Emperor, but he wished to save his life, and have the credit of the pardon. He wrote the mandate to that effect, but the letter was intercepted by Tallien, and the unhappy duke fell a sacrifice. When the Emperor heard the intelligence, he was overwhelmed with grief; and so great was his despair, that he attempted to destroy himself: Josephine was obliged to have every instrument which could be used for such a purpose concealed from him, and his sword and pistols were removed from his sight. Her care and atten-

tions to him were unremitting; she never left him, and consoled him by every means in her power. She had him brought to St. Cloud; where he remained for fifteen days a prey to his feelings and distress. Her influence over him was unbounded, and her affection soothed him into calmness. On his return to Paris, he went to the Opera and theatres; and no sooner had he presented himself, than he was hailed with enthusiasm. He had dreaded to appear again in public, as he imagined he should be considered as the murderer of the duke; but he had a soul above such a crime, and the prince was sacrificed by the intrigues of his ministers.

It is extraordinary to consider how great an influence the Empress Josephine possessed over him. She could curb his passions, which at times were violent, by her look alone. One day, when the Emperor entered her apartments, he displayed great symptoms of anger, having received letters which had caused that effect. He walked with violence about the room, giving

way to a gust of passion. Josephine, with an eye of fixed regard upon him, said, "*Napoléon! Tu t'oublies.*" He instantly became pacified; and taking her by the hand, which he kissed, "*Oui, ma chère femme,*" he said, "*c'est toi qui me sauves toujours.*"

At another time he found in the apartments of the Empress, a glass that she had placed with some mixture to allure the flies, which swarmed about the room and among the flowers; he took it away, and threw the contents out of the window, saying, that those flies had not injured him, they only followed the dictates of nature. Josephine replied, that she wondered he who had caused so many thousands of men to die in war, should spare flies. "They were my enemies," replied the Emperor, "which the flies are not; and I was fighting against them for my country, and life."

A lady who was in the household of the Empress Josephine, had a tortoise-shell snuff-box, which had been presented to her husband by

the late King George III., and on which was executed a portrait which greatly resembled his Majesty. This box was one day placed upon the table, where the Empress and the lady were seated at work. Napoleon entered the room, and observing the box, took it up, and having examined the portrait, put it down again, saying, that from all the representations which he had seen of that monarch, he should imagine that it greatly resembled him. The lady, alarmed lest the Emperor should be offended, was at a loss to know how to act. The next day, of course, she did not use her box, and was endeavouring to apologize to Josephine, for displaying unintentionally what she supposed might have given offence to the Emperor. Josephine replied, that she did not conceive that such a circumstance could at all affect the mind of her husband; "but," added she, "as that box appears to me to be too large for you, will you do me the favour to accept this, which is smaller, and of gold?" The gift was received with ac-

knowledgments of gratitude for the delicate manner in which it had been bestowed. A few days after, walking in the gardens of the palace, the Emperor approached her; and, with his usual affability, addressed her by saying, "*Bon jour, Madame! Permettez moi une prise de votre tabäc.*" The lady presented the new box which had been given to her by the Empress; which Buonaparte observing said, "You have laid aside the box which contained the portrait of the King of England, and which I much admired. "Believe me, madam," said he, observing that she appeared abashed, "I have a mind superior to such unworthy prejudices. I admire the character of George III.; he is a good man and a kind father, and his virtues are always worthy of imitation. It is not George of whom I complain, or of whom I am the enemy; it is his ministers, who mislead him."

Josephine was an American by birth, of the name of La Pagerie, and had formerly married the Marquis Beauharnois.

"I will conduct you to London," often has Napoleon said to Josephine; "the spouse of the modern Cæsar must be crowned at Westminster." Although this might appear at first as *plaisanterie*, yet from its repetitions she discovered the depth of his projects. Josephine must have known the Emperor in moments when dissimulation was impossible; because he was obliged to prove or to disavow suddenly, his sentiments or actions.

Tallien was greatly attached to his wife, and Napoleon was desirous of effecting a divorce between them. An opportunity, as he imagined, presented itself, after a little quarrel which had taken place. But Tallien adored his wife, and was wretched at the idea of a separation. He became seriously ill in consequence of it; and, on the day when Buonaparte had imagined that he had overcome every difficulty, and expected to receive a favourable answer, he found the beautiful young Spaniard (for such she was) at the foot of her husband's bed. She held an

infant daughter in her arms, whom she presented to Napoleon; and with that innate pride which her maternal feelings inspired, she said "Do you believe it possible for a mother thus to abandon the father of her child?" Buonaparte stood amazed and overpowered at the discovery which his rival had obtained of his intention. "She is *une indiscrète*," said he afterwards, speaking of Madame Tallien, "I only attempted to prove her: if she takes me for a Rinaldo, she is cruelly deceived; she will never be my Armida. Let her remain at *ménage bourgeois;* it may be happy for them both that things remain as they are." He had, however, much trouble to conceal his spite, and it devoured him a long time.

When the Persian Ambassador was at Paris, he, as in London, attracted the attention of all ranks, and Askerkan was for a time *tout à la mode*. He was a very fine man, of a commanding person, and most graceful exterior. Before his presentation in public, many ladies wished

for an opportunity of seeing him in private; among the rest the Empress Josephine, with other ladies of her suite, took an opportunity of attending upon his Excellency, incognito. As soon as she was introduced, he received her with a most gracious smile, and presented her with a small bottle of essence of roses, which was customary with him when he particularly distinguished any favourite.

The Ambassador, struck with the grace and *tournure* of Josephine, who was unknown to him, desired her to take a seat near him upon his divan; which honour she refused, excusing herself by observing, that such a favour was only bestowed upon privileged persons. His Excellency then inquired, through one of his interpreters, if she would feel disposed to accompany him into Persia, there to reside with him; and that he would engage himself, from that moment, to make such an establishment for her as would excite the envy of her sex. She replied, through the same means, that she

was married, and had two children; that her duty and her situation prescribed to her that it was right to remain in France, where her destiny was fixed.

On the day appointed for the Ambassador's reception at court, Josephine, adorned with all her regalia, and embellished with all her natural graces, received his Excellency with dignity and amiability. The air and countenance of Askerkan cannot be described. He recollected in the Empress, the woman who had captivated him. He remained fixed, and incapable of utterance. Josephine released him from his embarrassment; and, with a gracious smile and exquisite tone of voice, inspired him with consolation, observing, "that he must acknowledge she had reason to say, that she preferred to remain in France, above all the offers which could be made to seduce her."

The Empress was extremely fond of India muslin. The Ambassador presented her with some of the finest quality. Napoleon had anxi-

ously wished to introduce at court the French cachemires; but the new nobility, following the example of the old court in articles of the toilette, were not desirous of according with his taste; and he found it impossible to prevail upon them to adopt those ornaments. Frequently did he knit his brows, when ladies were presented to him who wore foreign manufactures; nor did he cease to torment Josephine, by asking her continually the price of the dresses which she wore. In order to satisfy him, she would reply that they were made at Saint Quentin. "Ah! ah!" observed he, "that proves the superiority of our manufactures over those of our neighbours." Josephine was amused, for the greater part of her robes were of the muslin of India, and of the most exquisite texture.

One day Napoleon entered her apartment in great wrath: he had obtained information that different goods which the Empress had pro-

cured, were contraband, from the coast of Holland. He gave positive orders to have any that might come in future, seized before their introduction into France. The Emperor afterwards appeared to enjoy the trick which he had played upon Josephine. He saw that she was disconcerted at not receiving articles which she expected; and, in a moment of petulance, observed to her, that the greatest punishment which could be inflicted on a woman, was to deprive her of her robes and her *chiffons*. He then told her that he would pardon her that time, but on one condition, which was, that if he detected any thing of the kind in future, he would condemn and execute as guilty, those who might commit such faults for her pleasure; "*Tout Imperatrice que vous êtes, ma femme, vous n'êtes pas au dessus des lois.*"

Napoleon detested shawls; he liked to see the shape of women, and pretended that it was the deformed who first invented them;—nor

could he bear to see a woman without rouge; their paleness gave him pain, as he always imagined them to be ill.

Madame Buonaparte, his mother, delighted in ornaments and fine dresses. Besides being extremely expensive in her habits, she loved to accumulate money. After the Russian campaign Buonaparte was informed that she had concealed, behind a picture, a large sum of money. He accordingly paid her a visit at the Thullieries, and telling her that he stood in need of a sum of money, begged of her to lend him some. Madame pretended that he had been misinformed; that what money she had was placed out at interest, and that she had hardly enough for her regular expenses. He replied, that he believed her, and the conversation turned to other subjects.

Napoleon did not lose sight of his object; and a few days after, he went in private to take his dinner with her. Having finished his repast, he examined the pictures, and fixing himself

before that which contained the casket, he said, "I shall be obliged to you if you will make me a present of that painting." "Certainly, with much pleasure, my son," she replied, "and I will order it to be sent to you." He immediately rings the bell, and calling for the domestics, commands them to take down the picture. Madame endeavoured to oppose him, but Buonaparte would be obeyed. As soon as the picture was removed, he perceived the casket, examined its contents, and ordered it to be conveyed into his carriage: he immediately took his departure, without an observation to his mother, who saw the seizure with disappointment and pain.

After the battle of Tilsit, the Emperor had an interview with the Queen of Prussia. On the preceding evening, he said to one of his generals, "I am informed that her Majesty is a fine woman." "She is a rose," replied the general, "surrounded by a shrubbery of laurels." The interview at first was delightful, and even

delicate. "I imagined," said Napoleon to her Majesty, "to have seen a fine queen; but you, Madam, are the loveliest woman in the world." Roses, and other flowers, were in the apartment in vases: he took some of them, which he presented to her. "We are but little acquainted," said the Queen, confused, and with an air of timidity, "*mais j'agrée les sentimens de votre Majesté ?*"—"Accept, Madam, accept them," said the Emperor; "it is a favourable presage of the friendship which I shall hereafter entertain for you, as well as for the King your husband." The Queen received the flowers; she was pale, and trembling. One of her attendants became alarmed. "Be assured, Madam," said Napoleon, "*Je suis tout à vous:* and if I can do any thing to serve you or oblige you, do not deprive me of that pleasure." The Queen kept silence. He insisted on the subject: at length she asked him with a faltering voice, for the Castle of Magdeburg for her son:—

"Magdeburg!" cried he, rising at the same instant, "Magdeburg! Madam, Magdeburg! —but you cannot think of such a thing. Let us speak no more of it:"—and they separated. Thus the conversation finished.

The King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, firmly believed that Buonaparte was the Antichrist predicted in the Revelations, and always called him the *Beast*. He imagined that the number 666, which was marked on its forehead, was comprised in the name of Napoleon Buonaparte; and he wrote to the Duke of Brunswick Oels, in 1807, that nothing should engage him to treat with the *Beast*, for in doing so, he should not only betray his duty to his God, and violate the ties of man, but should sign his doom both in this world and the other.

Josephine, like Madame de Maintenon, had been too far from, and too near grandeur, not to be aware of what it is. She frequently said to Madame de la Rochefoucault, "It is a con-

tinual weight for me to be Queen of France; and more particularly so, as I know beforehand what will be the *denouement* of the drama."

One day, when it was proposed to undertake an affair of great importance, which the Emperor had suggested, Josephine requested to be allowed a delay of a day or two, as it happened to be a Friday, which she considered as an unlucky day. "It may be so for you, Madam," he replied, "but to me it is the most fortunate day of my life: I never forget that it was the day of my marriage with you."

I was well acquainted with a lady who was in the prison of the Conciergerie for many months with Josephine, when she was under the sentence of the law during the Reign of Terror, while Robespierre tyrannized over France. I have no doubt, from what I have been able to learn, that she greatly contributed to her comforts during that horrible imprisonment. She was led to the scaffold, and the awful instrument nearly suspended over her

head, when the joyful cry of "*Vive la République! à bas le Tyran!*" was heard. It was at this momentous crisis that she escaped a fate, which nothing that could have been foreseen but by the eye of Providence, could have prevented.

They who take delight in observing the relation between the physical and moral traits of the human countenance, and those of that of animals, have remarked that Danton had the physiognomy of a mastiff, Marat that of an eagle, Mirabeau of a lion, and Robespierre of a cat. The temperament of the last was at first melancholy, and ended in being atrabilarious. He had first a pale and dull countenance; it afterwards became yellow and livid. The history of his temperament is a great portion of the history of his life.

Tallien was a man of whom Napoleon stood in awe. "*Mefie-toi surtout de Tallien,*" said the Empress once to Napoleon; "*tu l'as offensé, et un homme tel que lui ne peut supporter l'idée d'être abaissé par un homme tel que toi.*"

Madame de Stael felt a lively interest in the return of Tallien to France; where he could not be received with safety, as he was on the proscribed list. She not only wished his return, but was anxious that he should be in the ministry. The task was difficult: as an emigrant, or *ci-devant* noble, his pretensions would appear absurd. Upon her application to Barras, at the first word he was rejected; "I do not know," said he, "which of us is asleep, but one or other of us must have lost our reason." Her eloquence, however, assisted by a female friend, gained ground, and Barras was already shaken; he despaired, even if he consented himself, of gaining over Carnot, whom he described as possessing the inflexibility of Cato, with all the disinterestedness of that Roman.

General Hoche was one of those examples of singular talents, which are produced under great revolutions, and which astonish the age by the brilliancy of their powers. He was born at Montreuil; and lost his mother at his birth.

At the age of sixteen, he conceived a passion for arms, and entered the French guards. He became the pacificator of *La Vendée*, and was appointed by the Directory to command the expedition against Ireland: his failure is well known. After fourteen years of exploits, he fell ill, and was observed to have an apathy which appeared extraordinary. His health visibly declined; he adopted and rejected every remedy: at length no hopes were left, and one of the bravest men had nothing left in his countenance but traces of destruction. He saw death approach with firmness; but his mind was struck with the prediction which had been made to him at the house of Tallien, by Buonaparte, and he often repeated what was then said:—"It is true, I shall never see more than thirty years. I am a victim, I die a victim, and I am not ignorant whence the blow proceeds." Various conjectures arose from the manner of the general's death, thus premature. Some accused the Directory, others the husband

of a woman to whom Hoche was much attached. His death did not appear to be natural. Some hours before his last moment, he wrote a letter to Madame Buonaparte, and revealed to her a secret; advising her not to neglect to use it whenever circumstances might allow.

The memory of General Hoche was dear to Josephine, who never spoke of him without sentiments of the most profound respect and sorrow; she was persuaded that this friend of her's had drunk of the cup of Nero, but never before any one did she hint at the name or quality of his persecutor. The faculty of medicine at Paris, who inspected the body, perceived no positive traces of poison, and hesitated to pronounce that he died from its effects.

Among the many extraordinary stories which arose from the French Revolution, there was one which gained some degree of credit among a certain class of people:—this was that the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. was alive.

Within the last year, it was reported, that

he was still existing in America, where he had issued a manifesto; and I have heard it declared, that it was on that account that the Marquis de la Fayette had proceeded to that country, as it was supposed that he had been instrumental in saving the life of that prince.

At the time of the conspiracy of George Cadondal, it was related to Buonaparte that the son of Louis was alive, and was under the protection of the Vendeans. Fouché, then minister of police, was instructed to send to prison a young man, who had excited great interest by declaring himself to be the dauphin. He was a drummer in a Belgian regiment, and was sentenced to run the gauntlet for a slight crime. At the moment that the punishment was to be undergone, he demanded to speak with the colonel, as he had, he said, a secret of great importance to communicate. Being conducted into his presence, he declared to him that he was the dauphin, son of Louis XVI.; that till that day, he had kept the secret in the most

profound silence, except in confidence to his sister, to whom he had communicated it,—but that, feeling the disgrace of the chastisement he was going to suffer, he could not suppress his feelings, and begged to be allowed to give the proofs he could produce, and to have a suspension of the punishment till he had convinced him of the truth.

The officer, who was particularly struck with the appearance and countenance of the drummer, the facility with which he expressed himself, his polished manners, and the semblance of truth which animated his account, undertook to submit this unexpected subject to the general in chief, whose quarters were at Turin. He conveyed the youth in a carriage with four horses; and, having arrived at Asti, an old Swiss Guard recognized him, and, with tears in his eyes, fell at his feet.

As soon as his arrival was made known at Turin, all the ladies disputed for the pleasure of seeing him; and urged him to give a relation

of his adventures, which he did in the following manner.

He stated, that when a prisoner in the Temple, he had been confided to the care of a shoemaker, named Simon; this man had every appearance of being fierce and brutal. Often, in the presence of the commissaries of Paris, he appeared to ill-treat him, in order to gain their confidence, but in his heart he deplored his misfortunes, and frequently, when alone, gave him proofs of the most tender affection. His object was, undoubtedly, to save him; but unfortunately great difficulties were opposed to his designs, and the Convention had formed the resolution of destroying him. As they dared not do this openly, they gave secret orders to Simon to poison him, but his generous guardian was horror-struck at this proposition. He procured the dead body of a child, which he put there in his place, and presented it to the commissaries. As the resemblance was not exact, he attributed this difference to the violence of

the poison, which had so much disfigured his features. He then placed him under the care of a friend, who conducted him to Bourdeaux, and afterwards to Corsica; but the great misfortune which happened to him after this, was that his benefactor died.

Having soon exhausted his stock of money, and being pressed by want, he entered into the service of a vender of lemonade. As his sister was at Vienna, his project was to join her there. With this design he quitted Corsica, and repaired to Italy, to pass from thence into Germany. Italy was occupied by the Austrians; a party of infantry fell in with him, and endeavoured to compel him to enlist. On his refusal, he was stripped of all he possessed; and, to avoid a greater misfortune, he was engaged as a drummer, being then only fourteen years of age. From that time he performed his duty with punctuality; but, committing for the first time a fault, he had been sentenced to the punishment, and now having made himself known,

his only hope was in the protection of the Emperor.

This recital, made with great simplicity, produced its effect. The attentions paid to him were redoubled. Many who had been about the court, remembered that the dauphin had a wound which he received from a fall from a ladder; it was discovered that the youth had the same wound. The public ran to bestow their homage, and he was called *Monseigneur*, and *Votre Altesse Royale*. The general received orders to bring the supposed dauphin to a court martial; to load him with favours if he spoke truth, and to punish him severely if he proved to be an impostor.

The young soldier, alarmed at the trial he was to undergo, confessed that he was the son of a watchmaker at Versailles; and that he had recourse to this stratagem to evade the punishment which he had incurred: yet, notwithstanding this confession, many believed in the tale. The council of war determined that he

should undergo the sentence; but, at the solicitation of some ladies, his punishment was remitted to running the gauntlet once, instead of three times.

The late King of France, Louis XVIII., at whose suggestion I undertook to write these memoirs, possessed a good understanding; his character has not been generally known. His wit was not great, but his mind was clear; he was no stoic, but in his private sentiments was liberal; he concealed his thoughts on the subjects of both politics and religion, on each of which topics he was by no means bigoted; he was fond of *bon-mots*, and would be vain of them; amid many trying circumstances, he conducted himself with adroitness, and, although greatly complicated, he would evade them with skill. He preferred pleasure to power, and eating perhaps to every thing: he returned to the throne of France, as much for the sake of his family as for himself. It was said of him, though perhaps it would have been more truly applied

to the men who surrounded him, and to those Holy Allies who replaced him on the throne, "that nothing had been learned or forgotten." He had no more power to prevent the execution of the unfortunate Ney, that atrocious and infamous act, than he had to lead an army against Buonaparte, when he landed from Elba. From his earliest years he manifested a reserved and timid disposition. Study was his predominant passion; and his preceptor never remarked in him any of those ebullitions of passion, or warmth of affection, which are always proofs of a great and noble mind. Educated with his two brothers, the Duke de Berry, afterwards Louis XVI., and the Count d'Artois, he always displayed a greater reserve towards his elder, than his younger brother. At the accession of Louis XVI., Monsieur, who had acquired reputation as a man of talents, being fond of quoting the Latin classics in his conversation, wished to take part in the affairs of government. He put into the King's hands a small pamphlet, entitled

"*Mes Pensées.*" Louis, meeting him next day in the Gallery at Versailles, said to him, according to the manner in which he was inclined to his character;—"Brother, henceforwards keep your thoughts to yourself." This, however, did not discourage him, and, profiting by the first confusion, he commenced an intrigue against the King and Marie Antoinette.

Anxious to obtain the palm for dramatic composition, the King, then Monsieur, wrote a comedy, in three acts, called, "Le Mariage Secret," in verse; which he wished to have represented under the name of his secretary, the celebrated Ducis, the imitator of Shakespeare on the French stage. The piece was represented, through another secretary, as Ducis did not approve of the style. It succeeded; was elegantly written, but cold in its manner. Under the name of Morel, he also caused two Operas to be performed; "Paminga," and the "Caravane du Caire," which owed their success

to the delightful music of Gretry. He also wrote, in 1814, several political articles, which were inserted in the Journal de Paris, but they were without effect; and it is said that he afterwards suppressed the "Miroir," for having pointed out at that time the defects of his style.

When the train of events at the time of the Revolution indicated the danger to which the royal family was exposed, Louis was amongst the first that emigrated. He left Paris in 1791, and went to Austrian Flanders. He has left a description of this flight, dedicated to the companion of his escape, D'Avary. It was this expedition that Talleyrand so wittily described, as the Journey of Harlequin, who is always afraid, and always hungry.

When banished from Cologne by the Elector, and repulsed from Vienna by the Emperor, Louis, then under the title of the Count de Lille, went first to Poland, and then to Mittau. It was there that he wrote the celebrated Letter to Napoleon, then consul; and, notwithstanding

the display of sentiments which it contained, he laboured incessantly for his re-establishment as King; and the conspiracies of Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau, showed what means of success were adopted.

The peace of Tilsit conducted all the Bourbons to England, and Louis took up his residence at Hartwell, and afterwards at Wanstead. His chief favourites were Messrs. D'Avary, de Jaucourt, de Blacas, and Decaze. The latter gained his friendship by a peculiar circumstance: when Courtoin, the member of the convention, died, in 1818, M. Decaze, who knew that this man had in his possession an autograph correspondence, of the King with Robespierre, repaired to his house, and took possession of it in his capacity of minister of police. He acquired by this means a claim on the gratitude of the prince, and a means of keeping him in dependence. It was this event which raised Decaze to the high offices he had filled.

It was a singular circumstance in the life of

the unfortunate Louis XVI., that the twenty-first of the month seems to have been a date particularly ominous. On the 21st of April, 1770, he married Marie Antoinette, whose want of popularity certainly contributed to his fall. On the 21st of June following, a *fête* took place in honour of their nuptials, when fifteen hundred of his subjects lost their lives, by endeavouring, in an immense crowd, to push through a square at Paris, which had been a thoroughfare, but was at that time stopped, unknown to the populace. On the 21st of January, 1791, he was arrested at Varennes. On the 21st of September, 1792, he was dethroned, and royalty abolished in France; and on the 21st of January, 1793, he fell a victim to popular fury, innocent and without a crime.

Lord Strangford's, now Lord Penshurst's grandfather, when very young, was, with Lord Shrewsbury, sent abroad by his aunt, and placed in a Catholic college at Liege, much against his inclinations. He was so very averse

to the regulations and manners of the society, that the members of it at last thought proper to confine him in a tower of the building. During the campaigns in Flanders, a regiment, commanded by one of the Duke of Marlborough's Generals, happened to take possession of the place, and entered the college which they occupied. One morning, as the General was walking alone in the garden, he perceived a slate fall at his feet, from the window of the building, with something written upon it. On taking it up, he observed these words: "Lord Strangford is confined a prisoner in this tower, against his will." The general immediately inquired of the prefect into the circumstances of the case, and having commanded the young nobleman into his presence, he found the statement to be correct, and ordered his immediate liberation. The present Lord Penshurst, his descendant, has the slate with the inscription in his possession, which he keeps as a curiosity.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Margrave's illness.—His death and character.—The King of Prussia executes a deed in my favour, which is ratified by his successor.—The Margrave's body interred at Benham.—Remarks on his taste for the Fine Arts.

WHILST we divided our time between Brandenburgh House and Benham, in every enjoyment which human life could afford, surrounded with friends, and having public days at each place, society of every kind was not wanting. The Margrave's delight consisted chiefly in doing acts of beneficence, and attending to his studs, which were his chief amusement. He constantly ran horses, both at Newmarket and

the other leading races; and his pride was to excel.

He had a favourite grey horse, which was to run for the Derby, and which, from his own and the public opinion, there was every reason to believe was likely to gain the stakes of that year. One morning he called me to him, and with much earnestness said, he had one favour to beg of me, if he should not be alive in the spring when those races were to take place. "If I should be taken from you," said he, "let me entreat of you on no account to be persuaded by any one to withdraw the grey horse from the course, as I am certain, if fairly used, he will win the Derby." I begged of him not to talk in such a manner, as I hoped he would live to see his horse come off victorious that year, and live to see many others. I perceived, from the earnestness of his manner, that he had something more upon his mind; when he informed me that he was aware that he had a complaint which would baffle the skill of the

faculty, and that he was resigned to his fate, whenever he should be called away.

His observations were but too true; his constitution gradually gave way, and he resigned his life at Benham,—after lingering for two years with a pulmonary complaint,—when he had nearly completed his seventieth year. He had, previously, declared his intention of leaving me in the possession of all his property: a proof that he thought me deserving of his tenderness was, that he fulfilled his wishes.

To dwell upon his virtues would be unnecessary. I believe a better man never existed. There never was a being who could act upon more sincere principles. Nothing could divert him from what was right. None could bear with patience, like himself, the ill conduct of those to whom he was once attached. None could more easily forgive. It is a great misfortune, and humiliating to human nature, that we can never speak of a good man without being necessitated to speak of plots,—of envy. None

was ever more exposed to them than the Margrave. It is astonishing that so kind a friend, and so excellent a master, should have been liable to such injurious treatment.

His dignity was the dignity of virtue. The different branches of the royal family, to whom he was so nearly related, can bear testimony to his goodness. The King, when Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York, Sussex, and Gloucester, received his attentions with pleasure. The Dukes of York, Clarence, and Gloucester, at different times, visited him while we were at Anspach, where they staid some time; the latter for near two months: and such was the Margrave's hospitality, that he would allow of no expenses being incurred by his royal guests, not even in the most trifling minutiæ.

Frequently have I known him relieve distress, wherever it deserved his assistance.—He has often returned the rents to his tenants, when he has found that from misfortune, or some unforeseen cause, they have been distress-

ed to make up the sum. One farmer in Berkshire, (of whose case he had been informed,) when he came to settle his accounts, he followed out of the room, and, without a word, put into his hands two hundred pounds, which the poor man had just paid with difficulty: nor would he wait to hear his thanks. He generally carried about him large sums of ready money, which he at times distributed in portions to those from whom he heard a tale of woe.

Calumny against such a man must have been an outrage to truth. It should have been impossible for him to have enemies, for he possessed no indignation. Contempt with him was a painful sentiment. Mildness and goodness were naturally implanted in his breast. When an offence was offered to him, he suffered it not to reach him. By his moderation, he humiliated those who would injure him; and shamed them by returning good for evil. Sensibility was the basis of his character.

To so many virtues he added the rare merit of not being aware of possessing them. Without pride or ostentation, he knew not that he deserved praise. He forgot that he was a prince and a sovereign.

He was so perfectly genteel and princely in his air, that, even with his great coat and round hat, the sovereign was perceived. His complexion was fair and brilliant in colour; his hair was of the lightest brown; his eyes quite blue. He fenced, rode, and danced with equal grace; was a good shot; played well at billiards, and all games; had a good ear for music, and had learned to play on the violoncello; added to which, he was an excellent arithmetician. His profile showed the most benignant disposition I ever saw; and, had he been in a class of life to have chosen a profession, I should have advised the stage; for, strange as it may appear, he was an excellent mimic. Alone with me, and after a drawing-room at Anspach, or a circle at Brandenburgh

House, he would frequently represent the attitudes, voices, and ridiculous speeches of persons whose peculiarities had escaped my notice; and that so well, that when I saw them afterwards, I could scarcely refrain from laughter. Yet this talent he never exercised before a third person, or gave any human creature cause to suspect it. His humanity and politeness superseded any natural propensity to ridicule. His penetration was very extraordinary; he has often probed the characters and designs of people, and, when with the utmost concern and reluctance I have listened to his remarks, his observations have always been justified. He applied the money allowed to him for his pleasures, in relieving his subjects. It is not to be wondered at, that he was at Anspach always called "our Alexander;" nor am I surprised now, as I was, when a woodcutter coming out of a wood, into which the Margrave with myself and about fifteen other persons were riding, made up to him, and

putting his hand familiarly on the saddle, said, "I have lost my knife; you will take care, and "let me have it if they," pointing to the suite, "find it."

The Margrave's favourite study was military tactics; in which he obtained the greatest honour and knowledge, under the tuition of his godfather, the Duke of Wirtemburg, and that immortal hero, his uncle, Frederic the Great.

He slept in the King's tent; and, he has told me, that he was sent to bed long before his uncle had retired into his tent, on account of his extreme youth, but never was asleep when his uncle arrived. He constantly saw him go to a table, where a large book was placed, in which the monarch wrote, sometimes very little, at other times a great deal; and, upon asking him at last, what he was writing, he replied, "A journal of my own campaigns: when I am dead, no doubt somebody will make use of and publish it; now, by setting down faithfully

every night the occurrences of the day, I am sure no lies will be told."

Frederic preferred and loved his nephew above any of his relations; indeed, the Margrave was the only one who resembled him: and, at the parades at Berlin, when we were there, the soldiers, as he passed, frequently said, "Look at our old Fritz!" the name usually given to Frederic the Great.

I had in my possession one hundred and nine letters, all written by Frederic to his nephew, except a few, by his secretary, when the king was afflicted with the gout. I have likewise the ring which he constantly wore on his little finger; and which, with many magnificent things, he left as legacies to the Margrave. One of the horses which he bequeathed to him, I have repeatedly rode on occasion of the reviews at Anspach.

The Margrave's tender regard for his mother, the care and attention he bestowed upon that amiable Princess during the last ten years of

her life, will ever be proofs of his filial piety and affection: and are among the brightest and fairest features of his picture. Indeed, the fixed principles of the affection, duty, and respect due from a son to a mother, were so deeply and solemnly engraved on his mind, that he thought no man could have one good quality who did not fulfil them most religiously.

It may be imagined, that the Margrave was not possessed of the frailties of human nature, and that he never strayed into the paths of gallantry; but it was quite the reverse. In his youth he had mistresses of every country, except of Germany; and I discovered, though he never mentioned it, that his reason for resisting all the advances of his fair countrywomen, who, from his rank and personal attractions, were desirous of holding him in the soft bondage of love, was the fear of creating confusion by their court intrigues, or by the designs of their relations. Like his uncle, he had a detestation

of the German language, and never made use of it when he could avoid it. He never loved a woman long who was bold in her manner, or flaunting in her dress. He was naturally tender and affectionate, but brief and peremptory in his commands; and when displeased, his remarks were very severe. Pedantry and affectation of learning, either in man or woman, excited in his discriminating mind the greatest dislike.

He excused any folly that proceeded from affection, and the foibles of love he always pardoned; nay, seemed to approve: but the affected sentiments which people are apt to exhibit, who talk about their feelings either in love or friendship, always made him laugh; and I have often seen him, what the French call *persifler*, or quiz, such imitators of passion, when they tried to persuade him that they were deeply affected by either sentiment.

The Margrave, in all his gallantries, was never known to seduce or encourage the advances of

a married woman; nor to remain long attached to any woman, who practised coquetry or dissimulation.

I think the quality for which he most esteemed me was, my abhorrence of lies; and he frequently proved to me his hatred of affectation, by his elegant way of begging me to be affected, and, with infinite humour, quoting the tricks of other ladies; saying, "Would it not become you to do so and so?" mentioning those tricks.

The noblemen of my country who have been at Anspach, can best record the manner in which he treated them at his own court; and, as it were to represent the feelings of Englishmen in general, the Duke of Norfolk, on the Margrave's first arrival in England, offered him any or all his fine seats to reside in. The city of London, by the Company of Fishmongers, gave him the freedom, and round the medal presented to him is this remarkable motto: "He married our countrywoman, and we adopt him as our brother."

May that spirit of benevolence arise out of his ashes, that princely munificence, that unbounded charity, that constancy to all that was good, that abhorrence of all that was bad, which so distinguished him! May these good qualities be diffused; and may women, like me, have self-denial enough to conceal for years, as I did, the partiality, the friendship of such a sovereign, (if ever such exist), who first when I was an infant, then as a young mother surrounded by a numerous family, told me by words and looks, what his friendship, what his sentiments were; and never after varied in them. Could I do less for such a man, than accept his hand, though he had given up his sovereignty, and had no power of making me a suitable dowry at his death? I was left alone to cheer that setting sun, whose retreat from the world was clouded by all the horrors that the savage manners of war produce, and all the calamities caused by the French Revolution.

The late King of Prussia, as a mark of his

regard and esteem for me as wife of the Margrave, executed a bond for the sum of 2000*l.* per annum; to be paid to me after the decease of the Margrave. This bond was ratified by the present King, in his own hand-writing; but I regret to say, that not one shilling of it has been ever paid to me, although various applications have been made. When the sovereigns of the North were in England, in 1816, I was advised by counsel to proceed against the king of Prussia, to recover my rights; it would have been a curious circumstance to have brought a sovereign into an English Court of Justice, to obtain the effect of an instrument signed by his own hand. A negotiation was set on foot afterwards with M. Rothschild, who offered, through my agent, a considerable sum for the arrears; but I declined to take it, as I imagined that honour, sooner or later, might prompt his Majesty, if he could arrange it with the ministers of Prussia, to relieve himself from the obligation by which he is bound.

The Margrave's body was interred in Benham church, where a monument has been erected by me to his beloved memory; and I have placed in the house at Benham an elegant mausoleum, the marble of which I procured from Italy, as a record of his virtues. I spared no expense for this memorial: the sum of upwards of five thousand pounds, which it has cost me, is a small consideration of my gratitude.

Such was the Margrave's taste for the fine arts, that he had pensioned young artists to go to Rome for the purpose of study there; and we collected some very capital paintings. I have often congratulated myself on the satisfaction I have experienced in having had, during the course of my life, such various and extensive opportunities of seeing and examining the curious remains of antiquity, and those prodigies of the fine arts with which Italy abounds. In contemplating these exquisite works, I shall never forget the impressions made on me by viewing the statue of Niobe and her daughters,

against whom Diana had directed her fatal shafts. In that wonderful piece of workmanship, they are represented in that state of doubtful anxiety and stupefaction, when the inevitable approach of death seizes upon the faculties of the soul, and bereaves them of the power of thought. The fable represents an image of stupor and deprivation of all sensation, in the metamorphosis of Niobe into marble. A situation in which the faculties are suspended, makes no real change in the physiognomy; consequently, the intelligent artist has been enabled to impress on his figures the most exquisite beauty. Niobe and her daughters will remain for ever a model of perfection. The Laocoon is an image which expresses the severest anguish which can agitate the muscles, the veins, and the nerves. The effervescent blood from the bite of the serpents, is carried with rapidity to the bowels, and through every part of the body: the excessive torture of the sufferer has enabled the statuary to put

in force all the powers of nature, and to display all the admirable extent of his knowledge. But amidst these sufferings the soul of a great man is discovered struggling against pain, and endeavouring to suppress his feelings. The attentive observer may discover with what skill and dexterity the statuary has passed his instrument over the work, in order to preserve the masterly touches, and his caution lest they should be lost by reiterated friction. The epidermis of this statue appears to be in some degree rough, in comparison with the smooth skin of other figures; but this roughness is like that of a soft velvet compared to brilliant satin. The epidermis of the Laocoon, to use the expression, is like the skin of the first Greeks, which was not distended by the use of the bath, nor relaxed by the repeated rubbing which the Romans employed when rendered effeminate by luxury.

The monuments of sculpture finished by the simple chisel, are various. Such were the two great lions placed at the entrance of the arsenal

of Venice, and transported from Athens into that city. They are perfected by that instrument alone, even to the skin and hair of this noble animal.

The Venus de Medicis resembles a rose which appears at the earliest dawn, and vanishes with the rising sun. She is entering upon that age when the vessels of the body begin to distend, and when the bosom takes its consistent form. In contemplating her attitude, I figure to myself that Lais whom Apelles instructed, and by whom he was fascinated. A most beautiful statue of this goddess was discovered in the ruins of a theatre at Capua.

The most exact idea of perfect manly beauty is characterized in the Apollo Belvidere. This god unites the dignity of maturity with the delicacy of youth. He appears to glow with health, and his brightness is like that of Aurora. There is a sublimity of character which impresses a claim of the highest rank.

Tranquillity and serenity may be considered as the consequence of that modesty which the Greeks sought to observe in the character and action of their figures. The ancients regarded a steady motion of the body as a quality which peculiarly characterised a generous soul.

The idea of these principles, particularly of serenity and repose, is found expressed in their figures of deities to that degree, that the father of the gods, and the inferior deities, are uniform on this point.

I believe the most considerable, and it might be said, the only monuments preserved at Rome of the grand style, are, as far as we can judge, the Minerva of the Villa Albani, and the Niobe of the Medici family.

When the Greeks, by their valour, had laid a foundation for their future grandeur, they in a short period raised an edifice both durable and magnificent. Poets and philosophers first lent their aid to this structure; artists completed

it, and historians introduced us to it through a majestic view. The Greeks themselves must have been surprised to find, that after Æschylus had carried the tragic art to its perfection, another poet should appear, who, soaring like the eagle, reached the highest pitch to which the human faculties could attain. The rapid advancement of the Arts must have been the same from the time of Agelades to that of Polycletus; the flight must have surprised, whilst the execution enraptured, the beholder.

The most happy period of the Arts of Greece in general, and of Athens in particular, was during the forty years of the government of Pericles. Phidias then astonished Greece with his productions. His celebrated disciples, Alcamenes, of Athens, and Agoracritus, of Paros, succeeded. The former executed the friezes which ornamented the pediment of the back part of the temple of Jupiter at Elis. This pediment represented on one side the

battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, on account of the marriage of Pirithous; and on the other side, Theseus making a great slaughter of the Centaurs with his battle-axe.

The most celebrated statuaries flourished during the Peleponnesian war: these were Polycletus, Scopas, and Myron.

Polycletus was truly sublime; he sought to display his genius in the softness of a Bacchus, and in the liveliness of an Apollo, rather than in the strength of a Hercules, or in the age of an Æsculapius. The most celebrated of his works was the colossal statue of Juno, at Argos, composed of ivory and gold.

Praxiteles, Lysippus, and Apelles, were distinguished for grace. They bore the same relation to their predecessors as Guido and Raphael (among the moderns) in comparison with the more austere character of former Italian artists.

The beauteous lustre of the Arts of Greece was not of long duration. It did not extend

farther than from the time of Pericles to the reign of Alexander. After the reign of this conqueror, the Greeks having attained their highest degree of perfection, began to be eclipsed. The fate of the Arts in modern times had a great resemblance, with regard to duration in their periods, to the fate of those of antiquity. As soon as the two great geniuses of modern times had conducted the Arts to the greatest height they could possibly attain, I mean with regard to design, they were instantly lost. Until the time of Michael Angelo and Raphael, the style was rough and harsh; these great restorers of art carried it to a point of grandeur that seems destined to remain unapproachable. After so long an interval, a corrupted taste, the style of imitation, succeeded, which was that of the Caracci and their school; and this period continued to the time of Carlo Maratti. But sculpture flourished under Michael Angelo and Sansovino, and finished with them. A due tribute of merit must undoubt-

edly be paid to that excellent sculptor, Canova, and some men of considerable repute in England.

In the early period of the Roman Empire, it is probable there were few artists who applied themselves to design, especially in sculpture; as, according to the laws of Numa, it was prohibited to represent the Deity under a human form; nor for upwards of two hundred years after the reign of this King, were there statues or images of the gods in any of the Roman *temples*, although in the *city* various figures were placed here and there for ornament. In the times of the troubles of the Gracchi, the statues of the Kings of Rome gained admission into the capitol.

It may be easily imagined, that the greater part of the statues of the gods, in the infancy of the Republic, were suitable to the style and plan of the temples, which were far from being magnificent, if we may form a judgment from that of

Fortune, which was finished in a year; a circumstance which is confirmed by other descriptions, as well as by some temples which are still preserved, and by ruins of others. It was very late before marble monuments were introduced into Rome, which is easily ascertained from different inscriptions. These, according to all appearances, were executed by Etruscan artists. It was 400 years after the foundation of Rome, that the first equestrian statues were erected in the Forum; but history does not mention of what materials they were composed.

During the second Punic war, painting was cultivated among the Romans, even by the patricians themselves. Fabius was denominated Pictor, from the art which he practised. After the second Punic war, the Romans entered into an alliance with the Greeks, and then began to imbibe a taste for the Fine Arts. Marcellus carried the first Grecian works into Rome, after the taking of Syracuse. He decorated the capitol, and ornamented a temple with statues

which he had plundered. After this, statues of bronze were raised in honour of Ceres and of Bacchus. Figures of massy silver were also brought to Rome by Scipio Africanus. During the various triumphs, bronzes, statues, horses, and marble, were collected, and the public edifices began to be filled with treasures of this kind. Immensely rich vases of silver adorned the victories of the generals.

The Romans, after having introduced and adopted the gods of Greece, under the Grecian names, made them objects of worship, and gave them priests of the same nation. The novelty furnished an opportunity for the execution of the statues of the gods. The immense number of rare figures and beautiful statues, with which Rome was filled, and the considerable increase of artists, who had either been invited over, or taken captives, excited in Rome a taste for the Arts. The patricians were then anxious to instruct their children in design, and painters and sculptors were provided for their instruction.

Having thus reached their greatest height, the Arts gradually sunk into obscurity, till Julius and Leo revived them with greater lustre than they had ever shone with before.

The refined taste of Sir William Gell, the bosom friend of my amiable Keppel, and whom I almost considered as another son, has led him to pass his life in exploring the antiquities of Greece and Rome, and to display an unremitting assiduity in all his researches. I have been accustomed to his society for years; and his universal knowledge and various acquirements have endeared him to all who really knew how to estimate his qualities. Keppel and Sir William have been inseparable friends. I lament to say, that the gout has made such violent inroads on the constitution of Sir William, that his health has lately been totally undermined.

My beloved Keppel's health was dreadfully shaken by the Margrave's death. His attendance in his sick room was incessant, and his attention to me was truly filial. After my hus-

band's death, his agent informed me, that he constantly made two wills every year, and never altered one word of them. On this man's observing that it was a singular will, as I was the only person named in it, the Margrave replied gravely, "Sir, I know whom I trust."

I continued to reside at Benham, till I thought it proper to go to Anspach, to make inquiries respecting a sum of money of the Margrave's, which was mine by right. I then discovered that the Germans took care to pay their countrymen their pensions, and, as I was a foreigner, I met with no redress. It was my own fault that that money had been left there; for it was part of the Margrave's mother's privy purse; as she left him, by will, all in her power, and it amounted to 60,000*l.* part of which he placed in the funds in England. It was at my request that he left the rest at Anspach, to cover the annuities he had bestowed on people there. It is strange to say, that the English Government, during the war, refused to let the Margrave

send 75*l.* out of the country to a pensioner, though he annually sent into England for his use the sum of 30,000*l.* a year.

The English newspapers amused the public for nearly two years after the Margrave's death, by inserting my marriage with various personages, from princes down to private individuals. As soon as peace offered a ray of hope to change the scene with any degree of comfort, Keppel embarked for Paris at the same time that Louis XVIII. returned to the throne of his ancestors. We promised to meet in the autumn, and pass the winter at Marseilles; but the Princess of Wales wrote him a letter, in which she requested he would attend her as chamberlain, as her situation demanded a person in whose honour and integrity she could depend. She hoped that I should not object to this proposal, but that I would consent to his joining her in Germany, and accompanying her as far as Naples, from whence, in the spring, he might leave her and return to me.

I told Keppel, that I could not refuse her Royal Highness such a request; but, on the condition that he was to receive no emolument, and that he should perform every service required, without being considered as one of her household. It was fortunate for Keppel that I made this stipulation; for when the Princess, at Naples, took umbrage with her friends, he was the only person who did not suffer by it. At the time that the Princess changed her intentions, and embarked without her suite at Naples, Buonaparte landed at Cette, and all the English in France hastened with the utmost speed to quit that country.

I had just sent a person to Paris, to engage me a house, with the idea that I should have been joined by my son. On the arrival of Buonaparte, I went to the Austrian Consul at Marseilles, as the Countess of Sayn, and procured a Genoese Bombarde to take me to Genoa; proposing to go from thence across the lower part of Italy, and to come to England

through the Tyrol, by way of the Netherlands: and I wrote to Keppel, persuading him by all means to stay at Naples, unless he could find his way to England by an English ship.

I bought a carriage at Marseilles, and had my arms and supporters painted upon it, and travelled under my real name, knowing that the Austrian was the best protection. When I reached Genoa, how great was my surprise to find, that the Princess of Wales had arrived by sea from Naples, a few hours before me. All my inquiries respecting my son were fruitless; her Royal Highness had only Dr. Holland among all her English friends.

As the Princess heard of my inquiries, she sent for me to invite me to tea; and although I remained with her for two hours, I could gain no information from her. She appeared greatly embarrassed when I said, I hoped Lady Elizabeth Forbes had behaved well; her reply to me was, that she was a very good girl.

I went from this visit with a very heavy heart, disappointed, at neither seeing nor hearing of my son. I afterwards learned, from a person in the Princess's suite, every thing that had happened, and congratulated myself that I had insisted that Keppel should not be one of the number.

From Genoa, I proceeded to Ghent, where I saw Louis XVIII.; and in the winter following, after the battle of Waterloo had restored universal tranquillity, I proceeded to Naples, to embrace my son.

The King of Naples made me a present of two acres of land, on a most beautiful spot of ground, commanding a complete view of the bay. Here I built a house, in form similar to my pavilion at Brandenburgh House; a large circular room in the centre, with smaller apartments surrounding it. The Duchess of Devonshire, and many of our English nobility, resided at Naples; and the

high esteem in which I was held at court, rendered my life extremely agreeable.

A curious circumstance occurred in Sicily, during my residence at Naples, in 1814, which engaged the attention of the English, and excited much sensation among the people of the country. Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke, during his journey through Sicily, became enamoured of the Princess Octavia Spinelli, widow of the Prince of Butera. This attachment having come to the knowledge of Lord Pembroke, he determined to go over into Italy, to prevent any thing serious arising from this connexion. As soon as the arrival of Lord Pembroke was made known to Lord Herbert, dreading his father's severity, and fearing, against his own feelings, he might be compelled to part with the Princess, he ran to her, on the night of the 17th of August, and entreated her in the strongest terms to give him her hand, that

night. Ignorant of the laws of England, and of those formalities necessary to the union of two persons of different religions, they sent for the curate, Dr. Ignatius Joseph Urso, in whose presence, and before two witnesses, they contracted a marriage, which is generally denominated clandestine.

Among the Catholics, though such a marriage is valid in all its extent, it is forbidden by the laws; and to avoid the many inconveniences which generally happen from them, the two sponsors are condemned to a temporary detention. Accordingly, as petitions were brought by the competent authorities to the government, the new-married pair were separated, the one was confined in the castle of the city, and the other in the monastery of Stimmati.

The Earl of Pembroke, by every means in his power, endeavoured to break the sacred union; and himself solicited for the further detention of the wedded pair. Before mar-

riage, Lord Herbert had confided, into the hands of the Princess, an absolute promise, written and signed by his own hand, and sealed with his own seal. This contract, though very simple, was very energetic: it ran as follows; "I promise, on my honour, to marry Octavia Spinelli, Princess of Butera, widow, when she wishes; under my hand and seal,—Herbert."

Religious ceremony afterwards ratified this promise given, and as it was the effect, not of a hasty passion, but of deliberate resolution, it gave great offence that Lord Pembroke was supposed to have influenced two English clergymen who resided there, not to interfere in the affair. They refused to perform the ceremony, answering to Lord Herbert, that it was out of their power to oblige him, as they had been formally interdicted.

Lord Herbert, notwithstanding these injunctions, always manifested his sincere constancy, in every letter which he wrote to the Princess,

during his confinement for three months in the castle; styling her, "My Lady Herbert." At length, on the night of the 13th of November, he effected his escape from confinement.

Previous to his departure, he left a letter for the Princess, but whether it contained an eternal adieu, or an excuse for what he had done, is not known; as, in the general seizure of his Lordship's property, it fell into the hands of persons who did not think proper to deliver it. The situation of the Princess may be better imagined than described. Deprived of the retributions due to her as widow of the Prince of Butera, and uncertain as to her future destiny, she was placed in a most cruel situation.

In the summer of last year, I came again over to England, for the purpose of seeing the monument I had undertaken to have erected to the memory of the Margrave, at Benham. During my stay there, I sent to the Duke of York, to request he would lend me two marquees, to place on the grounds.

His Royal Highness, with his usual kindness, immediately provided me with two very handsome ones, accompanied with a letter in his own hand-writing.

For the Duke of York I had always the greatest esteem, nor have any circumstances caused me to change the high opinion I have ever entertained of him. He possesses one of the best hearts in the world; and, like the Margrave, loves to do a good action, without the ostentation of it. I have always enjoyed his confidence, and never abused it. While in London, I had several visits from Mr. Canning, whose high talents are so well known that it would be unnecessary for me to eulogize him; and I most heartily congratulated him upon the marriage of his amiable and accomplished daughter, with that deserving and highly estimable nobleman, the Earl of Clanricarde.

I would willingly conclude my memoirs without any mention of the conduct of the late

Queen Caroline; but, as great injustice has been done to his present Majesty, I feel it incumbent on me to allude to that delicate subject.

His present Majesty has been universally admired, for the great urbanity of his manners, for his high accomplishments, and for the goodness of his heart. Although he may have enemies, no one has ever dared to insinuate that hypocrisy was a component part of his character.

Possessed of every manly grace, and adorned with every personal attraction, it is not to be wondered at, that in a country so polished as our own, and in a court where every beauty was displayed, he should be the admiration of all who were anxious to obtain his favour.

His conduct to our sex has been unexampled; and those who have had the happiness of knowing him, as I did, will not hesitate to do justice to his feelings, on all occasions where female delicacy was concerned.

His liberality never failed, even to his wife, with whom, smarting under painful sensations and irritating observations, he was upon the most unfriendly terms; he took her enormous debts upon himself, and made sacrifices, as was observed by the minister of the day, which no other husband in the world would have made, had he been brought before parliament, and placed in a similar situation. The creditors of the Princess, without the intervention of the Prince, could never have received any thing; and, if I recollect rightly, the amount of her Royal Highness's debts, was 75,000*l.*; part of which were discharged by the droits of Admiralty, and the Prince liquidated the remainder, which were upwards of 40,000*l.*

Such actions furnish their own panegyric; and in the pleasant contemplation of them, I rest from my work.

THE END.

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